

THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE;

AND

Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

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No. 751.

SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1831.

PRICE 8d.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Voice of Humanity, published Quarterly. Nos. I., II., III., and IV. 8vo. pp. 186. London, J. Nisbet.

Missionary Voyages and Travels; compiled by J. Montgomery. (Third Notice.)

"A private meeting of the friends and supporters" of the publication above first named is, we observe from its No. IV., convened for next Wednesday, at Exeter Hall; why designated *private*, and held at a public place, we do not know. But the subject itself is of so much genuine interest, that we have felt strongly disposed to afford it all the elucidation in our power, without starting at trifling difficulties, or too minutely questioning minor details. In the earlier volumes of the *Literary Gazette* we were among the foremost to enforce the rights (if we may use the word) of those objects which the *Voice of Humanity* calls upon us to protect, and whose sufferings every good feeling commands us to alleviate. At a time, therefore, when more general discussion may be expected, it becomes us to devote such influence as we may possess to the furtherance of a cause of which to diffuse the knowledge is surely the best, the only recommendation which it needs to a civilised, not to say a Christian people.

But, professing ourselves to be sincere and earnest advocates in this cause, we must, *a priori*, state that we do not altogether approve of the line taken by the publication before us. We respect its motives, we would to the utmost advance its purposes; but we cannot approve of all the means and arguments which it employs. In our opinion, true humanity has no greater adversary in the world than affected sentiment,—the practice of the golden rule no more counteracting agency than that which is produced by a suspicion or dislike of cant. Injudicious friends are always more dangerous than avowed or secret enemies; and we could wish that many things in the periodical alluded to had been omitted. Still the design is worthy of the highest praise, and it shall be ours to promote it, according to our own sense, and in our own way, to the utmost in our power.

To begin with the beginning, the Prospectus and the sequent work, in order to extend rational humanity towards the animal creation, sedulously enforces the establishment of Abattoirs and Cattle-Markets in, or rather near, the metropolis, instead of the dangerous and demoralising places now in use, and especially that common offence, Smithfield. On this point we think there can be but one opinion; and the wonder is, that the self-interest of a few individuals, or of a corporation, should have prevailed so long in obstructing a manifest national improvement.

"Next in importance (says the Prospectus) is the unrecorded and unexampled misery of the horse, in the knacker's yard, when his former usefulness has expired; devouring the manes and tails of his fellow-sufferers, from

hunger, until the knacker, from a demand for the flesh, gives an order for the termination of all pain and suffering; but their dying from absolute starvation is regarded, in these places, with the utmost indifference, as the trouble of slaughtering them is then saved. A bill to amend the Knackers' Act will be found in the fourth number."

Here, in our judgment, the voice of humanity is so near the tone of the burlesque and ridiculous, that it is calculated to do more harm than good. The cruelties of the knackers' yards ought to be prevented, and any effective police would prevent them; but the picture drawn of horses eating each others' tails, &c. is too apt to raise a laugh, at least among the multitude, and the ludicrous idea is a fatal association to twice blessed mercy. But as if this were not enough, there is an etching of the knackers' yard, by George Cruikshank, which makes misery so irresistible a jest, that we are surprised the force of the thing did not occur to the worthy editor. On the contrary, he calls the artist the Hogarth of the age, and pronounces his engraving to be "an inimitable production of natal genius." He goes on to apologise for introducing pigs and poultry fattening on dead horses, in this yard, for the London market. We acknowledge that the evil is disgraceful and disgusting, but this sort of exposure of it is in bad taste.

Neither can we say that we entirely like the plate of the Abattoir at Montmartre, prefixed to the first Number of the publication; it is neatly executed; but why, in recommending these excellent erections, display outside men striking and hauling cattle, dogs and animals fighting, and sheep driven with uplifted staves? There must of necessity be compulsion and a measure of severity in all such business; but the aim of the philanthropist should be to mitigate both as much as possible, and keep the rest from offending public feeling.

The Parisian Abattoirs are, indeed, most worthy of imitation. "They are placed towards the suburbs of the town, for the sake of easy access to the two cattle-markets of Sceaux and Poissy, from which Paris is supplied at a distance of two and five miles; whence the butchers, or, more properly designated now, meat-venders, attend one day in the week at each of these markets, to purchase the cattle for which they have occasion. These are then immediately carefully conducted, under the inspection of persons appointed by the police, to the Abattoirs, crossing only a very small portion of the town. The cattle, calves, and sheep, are here distributed into the places appointed for them, stables, enclosures of various kinds, &c. All these are arranged in a large court or square, which, shut in by handsome iron gates, make a very ornamental appearance. Every attention is paid to the different animals, till they come in turn to be slaughtered; and that this operation may be performed in the most prompt, dexterous, and humane manner, every instrument and convenience that can be imagined for this purpose is

provided; and likewise for cleansing and preparing the meat with the greatest nicety, that it may be exposed in the shops for sale in the purest and healthiest state possible."

These establishments, the editor tells us, were warmly advocated by a "talented" friend of his, since dead, but who (he adds, in the style which we consider to be mischievous from its exaggeration and bathos) "if the spirits of the blessed are permitted to behold from their exalted station what is passing below, must bend with satisfaction over every effort that is now making to bring the subject before the public."

Several improvements are suggested for the metropolis,—one a very obvious one, viz. "The meat to be conveyed, for the purpose of convenience and coolness, early in the morning, or late in the evening."

Describing the mal-practices of London, it is observed—"When arrived at their final destinations, it is only the humane butcher who thinks it of any importance to give food or water to animals, though often frothing at the mouth from fatigue and thirst, who are in a few hours to have the *coup de grace* given them. So little accommodation can be obtained for slaughter-houses, in this densely crowded metropolis, that situations the most objectionable, both as regards the health of the neighbourhood and the preparation of the meat, are unavoidably chosen [this is a bull, by the by]; and even such places as underground cellars, where there cannot possibly be any ventilation, are used in hundreds of instances for sheep, &c. in the heart of the city. This, then, is the state, for the most part, of the sheep and cattle which are fattened for the London market. Their fevered blood, from fatigue and ill-usage, must be in a state little short of putrefaction, and their flesh must be as far removed as possible from that healthy state in which alone it ought to become the food of the meanest of the people; yet from such meat are the tables of the rich and the luxurious supplied. Contrasted with those of the *abattoir*, a word may be added with regard to the ulterior operations of our butchers. There being no interference with any slovenly habits they may have, the blood, the offal, and all the impure refuse of their trade, may remain unremoved as long as it may suit their lazy convenience; and no inquiry is ever made whether the immediate neighbourhood of their domiciles are as healthy as others, though they congregate in masses, as in Whitechapel and other places; or are suffered to exist singly, pell-mell, among the habitations of people of all classes, in some of the finest parts of the town. To give an idea of the handsome appearance which such buildings as the abattoirs would give to the town,

* And so it is (p. 42) to speak of animals penned up for slaughter, with "the big tears trickling from their eyes, while anxiously awaiting their own death." Such writing does not affect, it revolts us. The understanding must go along with the sympathy: how much more true and fine is it to read of the unconscious lamb which "licks the hand just raised to shed its blood!"

and by way of hint to the architect, we have annexed an engraving of the abattoir of Montmartre. The slaughter-houses, which are considered the nuisance and disgrace of the English metropolis, are placed in the outskirts of Paris, and under the inspection of the police."

The next paper is against an annual exhibition at Stamford, called the Bull-running, and a relic of the barbarous sports of our ancestors. Public notoriety will, we think, suffice to put an end to this savage custom; and the *Voice of Humanity* deserves credit for directing attention to it. In his notes, however, the editor has been guilty of an injustice to the clergy which ought to have been corrected, or rather the first error, as indicating an animus likely to estrange a powerful body from the cause, ought not to have been committed.

"Why do the clergy (he says page 16) allow this? Does it not appear as if they sanctioned the custom?" This innuendo is exceedingly unfair; and it is rendered the more glaring, when we read, only five pages farther on, "the truth is, that *parliament*, alone, can wipe off this foul stain, disgraceful as it is to the history of our country;" and yet more, when it is stated, at page 67, "The clergy of Stamford, however, and ministers of different denominations, regarded their sacred trust. At the church of St. Mary, on the 6th inst., a most eloquent and impressive sermon was preached by the Rev. Thomas Roberts, rector, most forcibly denouncing the ensuing scene, and depicting in glowing language (the effect of which might have been supposed irresistible) its attendant evils, offensive to God, and injurious to the interests of man." What then becomes of the stigma so injudiciously attempted to be cast on the clergy?

Publicity alone, as we have observed, will contribute much to correct the evils which it is the object of the *Voice of Humanity* and its supporters to eradicate: we therefore highly approve of such accounts as are given of the cruelties exercised at the East Kent fox-hunt, and at bear-baitings, pits, and other monstrous nuisances, in various parts of the capital. Wherever a sense of decency and a love of morality exist, these abominations must be quashed as soon as they are discovered: more vigilance, indeed, is to be desired in seeking them out, and not winking at such vitiating receptacles for all that is wicked and criminal. These haunts of the lowest and deepest guilt have been tolerated far too long; and the punishment of death can hardly be avoided while such schools of training for the gallows are permitted to exist. The wisdom of legislation must look to causes, if it be desired to preclude effects; and we fear this is only one revolting instance among many, where the latter are detected for punishment, and the former neglected for prevention.

At page 37 we find a silly letter signed Frances Maria Thompson,—such a letter as weakens a benevolent design: it is about the pitiable condition of dogs drawing trucks, &c. Now, why should not dogs be made useful, as well as horses, asses, or oxen, in this country? In other quarters of the earth, among the Esquimaux, for example, they do all the drudgery, as rein-deer, llama, camels, and other animals, do elsewhere. It is nonsense, merely because we are not accustomed to a thing, to run-a-muck against it, armed with a straw and in the weak panoply of morbid sensibility. Let us strive to correct real grievances, which are sufficiently numerous; not encumber our exertions with mawkish affectations.

On the subject of surgical experiments

upon animals, we can neither condemn what the writer says, nor go the length to which he carries his censure. We fear that, under the pretence of science, there is much needless cruelty inflicted in this way;—cruelty, the still worse quality of which is, that it also hardens the hearts of the inflictors through all their future life; but it is nothing short of senseless abuse to speak of Dr. Majendie, on account of his experiments (p. 157), as "*the blood-thirsty, the fiendish MAJENDIE!*" What value can be set on the dictates of a person who can be so ignorant of the benefits which have resulted to mankind from Majendie's investigations, as thus to misrepresent his motives? Let us learn to allow to others as much virtue as we claim for ourselves; and then it would be but a question whether Dr. Majendie, with all his painful operations upon dogs and rabbits, had not as just a right to be considered a beneficent genius towards his species, as the friends and supporters of the *Voice of Humanity*. Illiberality is the bane of good and good intentions.

We shall not, because we do not think entering upon such minutiae would answer the end, criticise the description of the methods employed to make white veal (p. 96); nor the hyperbole (p. 97), that "the man who started the first steam carriage was the greatest benefactor to the cause of humanity the world ever had;" nor other similar imperfections in this publication. If we remark upon them at all, it is only with the view to procure the consideration of the subscribers to so excellent an undertaking to this fact,—that if they hope to accomplish a great national object, they must take care not to offend prejudice, or provoke opposition, or excite ridicule, by admitting foolish clamours, unjustifiable attacks, cant or ludicrous caricatures of suffering, in style or engraving, to form part of their public appeal. The latter are the besetting drawbacks in these four Nos. The knackers' yard is, as we have noticed, more calculated to beget mirth than pity; and people read without commiseration the inflated narration of "heart-rending statements" respecting "the last agonised groans" of calves;* of heart-broken coach-horses; and "in taking life, that the feelings of the poor animals are not only not consulted, but wantonly trifled with." Nor can we readily credit the truth of the following statement, since the mere convenience of the most barbarous wretch in existence would induce him to save trouble by avoiding such gratuitous barbarity. But the writer asserts: "Another, and I fear not an uncommon cruelty with respect to sheep and lambs, is the beginning to flay them before life is extinct. I have seen three legs of a sheep flayed before it was dead, and not unfrequently heard an oath from the mouth of the operator at every movement of the suffering animal, because that movement interfered with the next cut of his knife!"†

With this we close our remarks on a periodical, to which, and to its purpose, there cannot be a warmer friend than we are. If we have found fault, it is with the hope of amending and strengthening its future operation; for ours, though a somewhat different, is also a strenuous and decided voice of humanity. We

* The context runs thus: "If our legislature, disregarding the convenience and caprice of butchers, were to enact, that before the termination of that day on which a calf was taken to the slaughter-house, it should be stunned by a blow upon the head, after which the throat to be cut—we should then have true reason to congratulate our country on the advancement of humanity."

† Apropos: one of the best suggestions in the book is that of a small truck or carriage for a sheep, which might either relieve the fatigued and perishing, or by carrying a leader, induce the flock to follow where required.

think the appeal so irresistible, that it need only be made to reason; and, therefore, we blame any attempt to enlist the passions.

We dare say our readers are at a loss to discover why we have put the title of another and very dissimilar work at the head of this paper. We will briefly explain the why and wherefore. Among other important discussions connected with the laws of humanity, the most important is, the reckless readiness with which the punishment of death is inflicted in this country. Though we are all to the manner born, and our souls seared by custom; yet on the slightest moment's reflection, nature shudders at this abhorrent process. We cannot express the feelings with which we regard the whole machinery set in motion to perpetrate this atrocity; the solemn mockery of the scene of judgment, the awful guilt of the scene of death. To our sense, nothing can be more encouraging to crime than the lottery of penalty which attends its commission;—nothing more murderous than the execution of sentence upon one convict, while his fellow is permitted to escape;—nothing more perilously responsible before God than the office of a judge who makes these selections of victims for sacrifice.* We would not have the blood of one such sacrifice on our heads, for all the ermine and revenue of the bench.

With these sentiments we have read, as coupled with the *Voice of Humanity*, a republication of a powerful speech, delivered by Sir W. Meredith in 1777, against a bill in the Commons for creating a new capital felony,† which we earnestly recommend to the public attention: convinced that it will help to abridge the period during which our sanguinary and uncertain code, with between two and three hundred offences punishable by death!! may yet be suffered to stain our history.

Let us take a lesson from savages: the following is a Report of Parliamentary proceedings,—where? in the windward islands of the South Pacific Ocean, where the barbarous, tattooed, half-naked, and ferocious-looking chiefs met to revise their code of laws! Alas, for civilised England!

* We can never forget the shock we received at a county assize, which we happened to attend as a friend of the high sheriff, and had consequently an opportunity of witnessing the internal proceedings. One fine-looking peasant, of so good an aspect that we would have distinguished him in a crowd as the pattern of an English countryman, was found guilty, as well as several others, of a crime which, from its prevalence at that period, it was thought necessary to repress by severity. There were no more atrocious crimes in the calendar,—there were too many for this offence to execute them all,—and it was expedient to "make an example." The judge, a humane individual too, was led to inquiry, in order to ascertain who was the worst among the convicted. He asked the clerk of the court, who, knowing no more than himself, asked the gaoler. The gaoler was only aware of their conduct since they had been under his charge in prison; for they came from distant parts of the county; and he asked the various constables who had apprehended and brought them. The constable who had taken the unhappy individual alluded to, reported unfavourably of his character; and the dreadful report was carried up to the judgment-seat. The mark of black-letter, was underscored beneath his name in the general list delivered to the sheriff; and the poor wretch was hanged. We should mention that the conviction was for administering medicines, with an unlawful intent to an unhappy young woman; and that the principal evidence was a little girl about ten years old, who listened to a conversation on the other side of a door. The nature of an oath was explained to her, and she said she understood it; if she told a lie she would go to the fire!!!

What a lottery was here! Had there been murders, or even horse-stealing, in the calendar, the life of this victim would have been spared: as it was, and we are firmly persuaded he was the least guilty of the number, he was made the solitary sacrifice.

† Pp. 8, Harvey and Darton. One of a series of tracts by the Society for the Diffusion of Information on the subject of Capital Punishments, and a sound, unanswerable argument.

On the question in reference to death or banishment for murder being proposed, "Hitoti, the principal chief of Papeete stood up, and, bowing to the president and the persons around him, said: 'No doubt this is a good law,'—the proposed punishment was exile for life to a desolate island,—but a thought has been growing in my heart for several days, and when you have heard my little speech you will understand what it is. The laws of England, from which country we have received so much good of every kind—must not they be good? And do not the laws of England punish murderers by death? Now, my thought is, that as England does so, it would be well for us to do so. That is my thought.' Perfect silence followed—and it may be observed here that, during the whole eight days' meetings of this parliament, in no instance were two speakers on their legs at the same time; there was not an angry word uttered by one against another; nor did any assume the possession of more knowledge than the rest. In fact, none controverted the opinion of a preceding speaker, or even remarked upon it, without some respectful commendations of what appeared praiseworthy in it, while, for reasons which he modestly but manfully assigned, he deemed another sentiment better. After looking round to see whether any body were already up before him, Utami, the principal chief of Buanaania, rose and thus addressed the president: 'The chief of Papeete has said well, that we have received a great many good things from the kind Christian people of England. Indeed, what have we not received from Beretane? Did they not send us (area) the gospel?—But does not Hitoti's speech go too far? If we take the laws of England for our guide, then must we not punish with death those who break into a house?—those who write a wrong name?—those who steal a sheep? And will any man in Tahiti say that death should grow for these?—No, no; this goes too far; so I think we should stop. The law, as it is written, I think is good; perhaps I am wrong; but that is my thought.' After a moment or two of stillness, Upuparu, a noble, intelligent, and stately chief stood forth. It was a pleasure to look upon his animated countenance and frank demeanour, without the smallest affectation either of superiority or condescension. He paid several graceful compliments to the former speakers, while, according to his thought, in some things each was right, and each was wrong. 'My brother, Hitoti, who proposed that we should punish murder with death, because England does so, was wrong, as has been shewn by Utami. For they are not the laws of England which are to guide us, though they are good;—the Bible is our perfect guide. Now, *Miti Trutu* (the Missionary Crook) was preaching to us on (naming the day) from the Scripture, 'He that sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed;' and he told us that this was the reason of the law of England. My thought, therefore, is not with Utami, but with Hitoti (though not because the law of England, but because the Bible, orders it), that we ought to punish with death every one found guilty of murder.' There was a lively exchange of looks all through the assembly, as if each had been deeply struck with the sentiments of the speaker, especially when he placed the ground of the punishment of death, not upon English precedent, but Scripture authority. Another chief followed, and, rising, seemed a pillar of state, one whose aspect, and presence, and costume of dress (richly native), made the spectators forget even him who had just sat down.

His name was Tati; and on him all eyes were immediately and intensely fixed, while, with not less simplicity and deference to others than those who had preceded him, he spoke thus:—'Perhaps some of you may be surprised that I, who am the first chief here, and next to the royal family, should have held my peace so long. I wished to hear what my brethren would say, that I might gather what thoughts had grown in their breasts on this great question. I am glad that I waited, because some thoughts are now growing in my own breast which I did not bring with me. The chiefs, who have spoken before me, have spoken well. But is not the speech of Upuparu like that of his brother, Hitoti—in this way? If we cannot follow the laws of England, in all things, as Hitoti's thoughts would perhaps lead us, because they go too far,—must we not stop short of Upuparu, because his thought goes too far likewise? The Bible, he says, is our perfect guide. It is. But what does that Scripture mean, 'He that sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed?' Does not this go so far that we cannot follow it to the end, any more than we can follow the laws of England all the way? I am Tati; I am a judge; a man is convicted before me; he has shed blood; I order him to be put to death; I shed his blood; then who shall shed mine? Here, because I cannot go so far, I must stop. This cannot be the meaning of those words. But, perhaps, since many of the laws of the Old Testament were thrown down by the Lord Jesus Christ, and only some kept standing upright,—perhaps, I say, this is one of those which were thrown down. However, as I am ignorant, some one else will shew me, that, in the New Testament, our Saviour, or his apostles, have said the same thing concerning him that sheddeth man's blood as is said in the Old Testament. Shew me this in the New Testament, and then it must be our guide.' Much cordial approbation was evident at the conclusion of Tati's speech, and its evangelical appeal seemed to remove some difficulty and doubt respecting the true Scriptural authority applicable to the case. Next rose Pati, a chief and a judge of Eimeo, formerly a high-priest of Oro, and the first who, at the hazard of his life, had abjured idolatry. 'My breast,' he exclaimed, 'is full of thought, and surprise, and delight. When I look round at this *fare bure ra* (house of God) in which we are assembled, and consider who we are that take sweet counsel together here, it is to me all *mea huru e* (a thing of amazement), and *mea faa oaoa te aau* (a thing that makes glad my heart). Tati has settled the question; for is it not the gospel that is our guide?—and who can find directions for putting to death? I know many passages which forbid, but I know not one which commands, to kill. But then another thought is growing in my breast, and, if you will hearken to my little speech, you shall know what it is. Laws, to punish those that commit crime, are good for us. But tell me, why do Christians punish? Is it because we are angry, and have pleasure in causing pain? Is it because we love revenge, as we did when we were heathens? None of these: Christians do not love revenge; Christians must not be angry; they cannot have pleasure in causing pain. Christians do not, therefore, punish for these. Is it not that, by the suffering which is inflicted, we may prevent the criminal from repeating his crime, and frighten others from doing as he has done to deserve the like? Well, then, does not every body know that it would be a greater punishment to be banish-

ed for ever from Tahiti, to a desolate island, than just, in a moment, to be put to death? And could the banished man commit murder again there? And would not others be more frightened by such a sentence than by one to take away his life? So my thought is that Tati is right, and the law had best remain as it has been written.' One of the *taata rii*, or little men, a commoner, or representative of a district, now presented himself, and was listened to with as much attention as had been given to the lordly personages who preceded him. He said:—'As no one else stands up, I will make my little speech, because several pleasant thoughts have been growing in my breast, and I wish you to hear them. Perhaps every thing good and necessary has been said already by the chiefs; yet, as we are not met to adopt this law or that law, because one great man or another recommends it, but as we, the *taata rii*, just the same as the chiefs, are to throw all our thoughts together, that out of the whole heap the meeting may make those to stand upright which are best, whencesoever they come—this is my thought. All that Pati said was good; but he did not mention, that one reason for punishing (as a Missionary told us, when he was reading the law to us, in private) is, to make the offender good again if possible. Now, if we kill a murderer, how can we make him better? But if he be sent to a desolate island, where he is all solitary, and compelled to think for himself, it may please God to make the bad things in his heart to die, and good things to grow there. But, if we kill him, where will his soul go?' Others spoke to the same purport; and, in the result, it was unanimously determined that banishment, not death, should be inflicted on murderers. It followed, of course, that the extreme exercise of magisterial power, to take away life, was excluded from every other case."

Comment would weaken such a lesson: we leave it to, we trust, its irresistible influence on the public mind.

Philip Augustus; or, the Brothers in Arms.

By the Author of "De L'Orme," "Darnley," &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1831. Colburn and Bentley.

SOME years ago it was the fashion for authors to assume some disguise, and bring out their works like heroes in romances, ignorant of their real parent, till the honour they had acquired, or some chance circumstance, induced their incognito father to claim his child. A coffer was discovered in some old house, which contained a worm-eaten manuscript—or a chest floated on shore—or a portmanteau was forgotten at an inn—or a trunk left in lodgings—all holding the same contents—papers which the finder was induced to publish. Had Mr. James adopted this concealment, to declare that he had found an old chronicle in some antique chateau, he would have been readily believed—such knowledge of the time, and such verisimilitude, does the accuracy of manner, speech, and costume, give to *Philip Augustus*. We cannot but think it a very futile objection raised against this species of romance, that, forsooth, it interferes with the study of history's self. These cavillers seem entirely to forget, that if the subject had not been pleasantly brought forward, a large class would never have read at all; and, secondly, they have not sufficiently considered, that general knowledge is the really useful part of history: a mere itinerary of dates and facts is the most useless thing in the world. To illustrate by an example: it was of slight moment to the reader

to know that Richard Cœur de Lion ascended the throne, went to Palestine, and, after a long absence, returned; and yet this is a summary of the information contained in the majority of historical abridgments. But a new stock of ideas was excited, a more accurate notion of the times entertained, when, in *Ivanhoe*, the miseries of feudal tyranny were brought forward in active operation on a land where the people were not in a state to resist, or the government to repress. A new interest was excited; and the history of our country has had more attention attracted to it by the works of Sir Walter Scott, than by any historical impetus ever given to the human mind. It is in this spirit we bestow our warm praises on Mr. James's volumes: his general picture of the age is true, correct, and verified by careful research; while the antiquary's labours are engrafted on an animated story, which has long been, and long will continue to be, the primary attraction to the plurality of readers. Mr. James has chosen a most interesting period; the great qualities of Philip Augustus were fitted to meet the momentous circumstances in which he was placed; his whole character was a singular mixture of policy and energy. Our author has two heroes; one, Thibault d'Auvergne, connects the narrative with Agnes, the second wife of Philip; the other, De Coucy, with the unfortunate Arthur of Brittany. We observe the materials of these pages are drawn from those of M. Caefique, whose work is one of the most important additions to French history. Mr. James has deviated much from his authority, sometimes not to advantage—for the actual narrative is so very marked and touching. He represents Agnes as separated at last from her husband through the operation of jealousy, and finally dying of grief; while her beautiful rival, Ingerberge, is kept quite out of sight. This is not true—she died in childhood; and a very pathetic account is given in the old chronicles, of her appearing, dressed in deep mourning, before the peers of France, where her tears and her situation excited the strongest interest—but in vain. We also think Philip's celebrated speech on the Pope's refusing to take off the interdict, very much weakened. On hearing this refusal, Agnes exclaimed—"My God! my God! where shall I, then, take my grief?" When Philip, in his rage, replied—"Well, then, I will turn my back on the church; Saladin was happy to have no pope." Mr. James makes this a mere threat used before one of his ministers. We must also observe, that the phrase *beau sire* is too evident a favourite of the writer's: its use is frequent even to affectation. We now proceed to give a specimen of the narrative. As Agnes acts a prominent part, we will quote that which introduces her.

"We must now change the scene, and, leaving wilds and mountains, come to a more busy though still a rural view. From the small, narrow windows of the ancient château of Compiègne might be seen, on the one side, the forest with its ocean of green and waving boughs; and on the other, a lively little town on the banks of the Oise, the windings of which river could be traced from the higher towers, far beyond its junction with the Aisne, into the distant country. Yet, notwithstanding that it was a town, Compiègne scarcely detracted from the rural aspect of the picture. It had, even in those days, its gardens and its fruit-trees, which gave it an air of verdure, and blended it, as it were, insensibly with the forest, that waved against its very walls. The green thatches, too, of its houses, in which slate

or tile was unknown, covered with moss, and lichens, and flowering houseleek, offered not the cold, stiff uniformity of modern roofs; and the eye that looked down upon those constructions of art in its earliest and rudest form, found all the picturesque irregularity of nature. Gazing, then, from one of the narrow windows of a large, square chamber in the keep of the château, were two beings, who seemed to be enjoying, to the full, those bright hours of early affection, which are the summer days of existence, yielding flowers, and warmth, and sunshine, and splendour;—hours that are so seldom known—hours that so often pass away like dreams—hours which are such strangers in courts, that, when they do intrude with their warm rays into the cold precincts of a palace, history marks their coming as a phenomenon, too often followed by a storm. Alone, in the solitude of that large chamber, those two beings were as if in a world by themselves. The fair girl, seemingly scarce nineteen years of age, with her light hair floating upon her shoulders in large masses of shining curls, leaned her cheek upon her hand, and gazing with her full, soft blue eyes over the far extended landscape, appeared lost in thought; while her other hand, fondly clasped in that of her companion, shadowed out, as it were, how nearly linked he was to her seemingly abstracted thoughts. The other tenant of that chamber was a man of thirty-two or thirty-three years of age, tall, well-formed, handsome, of the same fair complexion as his companion, but tinged with the manly florid hue of robust health, exposure, and exercise. His nose was slightly aquiline, his chin rounded and rather prominent, and his blue eyes would have been fine and expressive, had they not been rather nearer together than the just proportion, and stained, as it were, on the very iris, by some hazel spots in the midst of the blue. The effect, however, of the whole was pleasing; and the very defect of the eyes, by its singularity, gave something fine and distinguished to the countenance; while their nearness, joined with the fire that shone out in their glance, seemed to speak that keen and quick sagacity which sees and determines at once, in the midst of thick dangers and perplexity. The expression, however, of those eyes was now calm and soft, while sometimes holding her hand in his, sometimes playing with a crown of wild roses he had put on his companion's head, he mingled one rich curl after another with the green leaves and the blushing flowers; and, leaning with his left arm against the embrasure of the window, high above her head, as she sat gazing out upon the landscape, he looked down upon the beautiful creature, through the mazes of whose hair his other hand was straying, with a smile strangely mingled of affection for her, and mockery of his own light employment. There was grace, and repose, and dignity, in his whole figure, and the simple green hunting tunic which he wore, without robe, or hood, or ornament whatever, served better to shew its easy majesty than would the robes of a king; and yet this was Philip Augustus. 'So pensive, sweet Agnes!' said he, after a moment's silence, thus waking from her reverie the lovely Agnes de Meranie, whom he had married shortly after the sycophant bishops of France had pronounced the nullity of his unconsummated marriage with Ingerberge, for whom he had conceived the most inexplicable aversion. 'So pensive,' he said; 'where did those sweet thoughts wander?' 'Far, far, my Philip!' replied the queen, leaning back her head upon

his arm, and gazing up in his face with a look of that profound, unutterable affection which sometimes dwells in woman's heart for her first and only love;—'far from this castle, and this court—far from Philip's splendid chivalry, and his broad realms, and his fair cities; and yet with Philip still. I thought of my own father, and all his tenderness and love for me; and of my own sweet Istria! and I thought how hard was the fate of princes, that some duty always separated them from some of those they love, and—' 'And doubtless you wished to quit your Philip for those that you loved better,' interrupted the king, with a smile at the very charge which he well knew would soon be contradicted. 'O no! no!' replied Agnes; 'but as I looked out yonder, and thought it was the way to Istria, I wished that my Philip was but a simple knight, and I a humble demoiselle. Then should he mount his horse, and I would spring upon my palfrey; and we would ride gaily back to my native land, and see my father once again, and live happily with those we loved.' 'But tell me, Agnes,' said Philip, with a tone of melancholy that struck her, 'if you were told, that you might to-morrow quit me, and return to your father, and your own fair land, would you not go?' 'Would I quit you?' cried Agnes, starting up, and placing her two hands upon her husband's arm, while she gazed in his face with a look of surprise that had no small touch of fear in it—'would I quit you? Never! And if you drove me forth, I would come back and be your servant—your slave; or would watch in the corridors but to have a glance as you passed by—or else I would die,' she added, after a moment's pause, for she had spoken with all the rapid energy of alarmed affection. 'But tell me, tell me, Philip, what did you mean? For all your smiling, you spoke gravely. Nay, kisses are no answers.'—'I did but jest; my Agnes,' replied Philip, holding her to his heart with a fond pressure. 'Part with you? I would sooner part with life!' As he spoke, the door of the chamber suddenly opened, the hangings were pushed aside, and an attendant appeared. 'How now!' cried the king, unclosing his arms from the slight, beautiful form round which they were thrown. 'How now, villain! Must my privacy be broken at every moment? How dare you enter my chamber without my call?' And his flashing eye and reddened cheek spoke that quick impatient spirit which never possessed any man's breast more strongly than that of Philip Augustus. And yet, strange to say, the powers of his mind were such, that every page of his history affords a proof of his having made even his most impetuous passions subservient to his policy—not by conquering them, but by giving vent to them in such direction as suited best the exigency of the times, and the interest of his kingdom. 'Sire,' replied the attendant, with a profound reverence, 'the good knight Sir Stephen Guerin has just arrived from Paris, and prays an audience.' 'Admit him,' said Philip; and his features, which had expanded like an unstrung bow, while in the gentler moments of domestic happiness, and had flashed with the broad blaze of the lightning under the effect of sudden irritation, gradually contracted into a look of grave thought as his famous and excellent friend and minister Guerin approached. He was a tall, thin man, with strong marked features, and was dressed in the black robe and eight-limbed cross of the Order of Hospitaliers, which habit he retained even long after his having been elected Bishop of Senlis. He pushed back his hood, and bowed low in sign of reverence as he

approached the king; but Philip advanced to meet him, and welcomed him with the affectionate embrace of an equal. 'Ha! fair brother!' said the king. 'What gives us the good chance of seeing you, from our town of Paris? We left you full of weighty matters.' 'Matters of still greater weight, beau sire,' replied the Hospitaller, 'claiming your immediate attention, have made me bold to intrude upon your privacy. An epistle from the good Pope Celestin came yesterday, by a special messenger, charging your highness—' 'Hold!' cried Philip, raising his finger as a sign to keep silence. 'Come to my closet, brother; we will hear the good bishop's letter in private. Tarry, sweet Agnes! I have vowed thee three whole days, without the weight of royalty bearing down our hearts; and this shall not detain me long.' 'I would not, my lord, for worlds,' replied the queen, 'that men should say my Philip neglected his kingdom, or his people's happiness, for a woman's smile. I will wait here for your return, be your business long as it may, and think the time well spent. Rest you well, fair brother,' she added, as it were in reply, to a beaming smile that for a moment lighted up the harsh features of the Hospitaller; 'cut not short your tale for me.' The minister bowed low, and Philip, after having pressed his lips on the fair forehead of his wife, led the way through a long passage with windows on either side, to a small closet in one of the angular turrets of the castle. It was well contrived for the cabinet of a statesman, for, placed as it was, a sort of excrescence from one of the larger towers, it was cut off from all other buildings, so that no human ear could catch one word of any conversation which passed therein. The monarch entered; and, making a sign to his minister to close the door, he threw himself on a seat, and stretched forth his hand, as if for the pontiff's letter. 'Not a word before the queen!' said he, taking the vellum from the Hospitaller, 'not a word before the queen, of all the idle cavilling of the Roman church. I would not, for all the crowns of Charlemagne, that Agnes should dream of a flaw in my divorce from Ingerberge—though that flaw be no greater a matter than a moat in the sore eyes of the church of Rome. But let me see! What says Celestin?' 'He threatens you, royal sir,' replied the minister, 'with excommunication, and anathema, and interdict.' 'Pshaw!' cried Philip, with a contemptuous smile; 'he has not vigour enough to anathematise a flea! 'Tis a good mild priest; somewhat tenacious of his church's rights,—for, let me tell thee, Stephen, had I but craved my divorce from Rome, instead of from my bishops of France, I should have heard no word of anathema or interdict. It was a fault of policy, so far as my personal quiet is concerned; and there might be somewhat of hasty passion in it too; but yet, good knight, 'twas not without forethought. The grasping church of Rome is stretching out her thousand hands into all the kingdoms round about her, and snatching, one by one, the prerogatives of the throne. The time will come—I see it well—when the prelate's foot shall tread upon the prince's crown; but I will take no step to put mine beneath the sandal of St. Peter. No! though the everlasting buzzing of all the crismos flies in the conclave should deafen me outright. But let me read.' The Hospitaller bowed, and silently studied the countenance of the sovereign, while he perused the letter of the pontiff. Philip's features, however, underwent no change of expression. His brow knit slightly from the first; but no more than so far as to shew atten-

tion to what he was reading. His lip, too, maintained its contemptuous curl; but that neither increased nor diminished; and when he had done, he threw the packet lightly on a table, exclaiming—'Stingless! stingless! The good prelate will hurt no one!' 'Too true, sire,' replied the impassible Guerin; 'he will now hurt no one, for he is dead.' 'St. Denis to boot!' cried the king. 'Dead! why told you it not before? Dead! when did he die? Has the conclave met? have they gone to election? Whom have they adored? Who is the pope? Speak, Hospitaller! speak!' 'The holy conclave have elected the Cardinal Lothaire, sire,' replied the knight. 'Your highness has seen him here in France, as well as at Rome: a man of a great and capacious mind.' 'Too great! too great!' replied Philip thoughtfully. 'He is no Celestin. We shall soon hear more!'

For that more we must refer our readers to the volumes themselves: they will well repay the perusal; for they are, indeed, very valuable additions to our stock of pleasure and literary enjoyment.*

Travels in Russia, Persia, Turkey, and Greece, in 1828-9. By Thomas Alcock, Esq. London, 1831.

THE difference between travelling and writing for publication, or rather for publishing; and of travelling for one's own gratification, and printing an account of what seemed most

* We take this opportunity of doing Mr. James a long-delayed justice. After the publication of his *History of Chivalry*, we received an epistle of remonstrance from him, touching our review of that work. Many slight circumstances, to which even reviewers are subject, caused the omission of the following note; and we are glad to take this opportunity of shewing the writer it was unintentional neglect on our part. 'The space required for three closely-written pages, and those not on subjects of general interest, must be our apology to Mr. James for answering, instead of inserting, his letter; particularly as his complaints may be condensed into four words. First, that we called his a history of the crusades, not of chivalry. We repeat, we still consider it such. That he alludes in his preface to his publishers' desire of the materials being condensed into one volume, accounts for the fact—but rather confirms our assertion. The praise we gave his work, sufficiently shews we meant not to impeach his manifest research. Secondly, that his censure of Henry II. was only applied to his personal character. Mr. James certainly does not state that he intended to draw a line between the private and public life of this monarch. Thirdly, that we accuse him of leaning to a belief in the romantic legends of the time, which, to use his own words, is 'perfectly diametrically to the fame of an historian.' The instances in point are, the Princess Elenore and Fair Rosamond. In the first case, we did not say he made an assertion: we stated he had better have explicitly mentioned the falsehood of the tale, which is, as Sir James Mackintosh so well expresses it, 'a beautiful invention in honour of female devotedness.' It was first told of Robert, Duke of Normandy. Fair Rosamond is more debatable ground. Mr. James holds to the belief that she was poisoned by Queen Elenore:—we think the evidence inconclusive. Higdon, the monk, who seems to have originally put forth the story, is very apocryphal authority. Speede, in his *Chronicles*, alludes to it but as a popular legend; and Hume positively states his disbelief. The minstrels seem to have chosen, with peculiar partiality, the annals of the house of Plantagenet as the theme of their inventions. Stowe mentions a tradition, not generally known, that in those days, when the city was the court-end of the town, besides the Labyrinth at Woodstock, Rosamond had another for the London season on Paul's Wharf Hill, where, says he, 'Henry II. kept, or was supposed to have kept, the jewel of his heart: she whom he there called Rosa Mundi, and here by the name of Diana.' Hence it was called Diana's Camera—rather a misnomer. We should not omit, that Mr. James mentions Capeque as another authority for his side of the question; and we must add, want of research is the last charge we ever intended to bring against one who had evidently bestowed much time and care, as well as great ability and talent, on his subject. But we must reserve to ourselves the expression of our own opinion, without which our censure is void, and our praise valueless. It is curious to observe, how some incidents seem the stray waifs of history, and adhere, as they float down the stream of time, first to one, and then to another. The anecdote just dramatised as of Henry IV. of France, was originally told of Agselaus, king of Sparta, who pursued his game with his children before the Persian ambassador.

worthy of attention, for private circulation among friends, is strikingly exemplified in this volume, which belongs to the latter class. It is the production of Mr. Alcock, of Curzon Street, and of Kingswood Warren, Epsom, who was, we believe, a member of the parliament before last. The tour he performed was one such as few but Englishmen, and but few of them, with all their energy, spirit, and thirst for information, are in the habit of attempting; for in eighteen months, avoiding much of common routes, he traversed a very considerable portion of Southern Europe and Asia, as an indication of some of the leading points will shew, namely, Calais, Blenheim, Vienna, Cracow, Brody, Odessa, Sevastopol, Nikita, Alushta, Sudack, Kersch, Taman, Karass, Caucasus, Tiflis, Erivan, Ararat, Makoo, Tabreez, Tebraun, Kirmanshah, Sennah, Hoey, Wan, Arzroom, Tokat, Constantinople, Nice, Therapia, Tenedos, Egina, Napoli, Sparta, Corinth, Athens, Corfu, Milan, Paris, and Calais again! This includes a *giro* of about a thousand miles in Persia, from and back to Tabreez; and a journey *en courier* thence through Asia Minor to the capital of Turkey.

To an intelligent mind,* such travel, and at so interesting a period to the countries visited—for the Turkish war was at its crisis, and the Russian embassy had just been massacred at Tebraun—could not fail to be deeply instructive. Yet, as we have observed, not being in the act of book-making, Mr. Alcock has confined his remarks to a summary, incredible as it may seem, of 227 pages!! A tolerable manufacturer would not have got to Vienna in a hundred pages more, with Brussels, and Waterloo, and Spa, and Aix-la-Chapelle, and Cologne, and Coblenz, and Mayence, and Worms, and Heidelberg, and Baden-Baden, and Stuttgart, and Ulm, and Ratisbon, and Passau, and the Danube, and the Castle of Cœur de Lion, &c. &c. all on his way, with their proper episodes of revolutions, battles, waters, congresses, kings, antiquities, great tuns, baths, and legends. In very moderate hands indeed, we would have gladly compounded for four thick volumes, first edition quarto, and a second edition, octavo, to follow immediately.

As Mr. Alcock, however, has been content with a very rapid glance, we must merely employ the favour in hand by taking an equally rapid glance at it. At page 2 we find ourselves in Vienna: previous to which the author says—

'On leaving Ulm, when we approached the village of Hochstadt, our interrogations about Blenheim were answered with a vacant stare: but it was not a little gratifying to the ears of an Englishman, and quite sufficient to identify the memorable spot, to find that the name of Malbrook was still familiar to the ignorant peasants of the neighbourhood. The position of the French and Bavarians at Schellenburg, close to Donavert, is still very easily to be traced. The duke took it by assault a few days before the battle of Blenheim.'

At Tiflis, our extract reads: 'We visited here the remains of an ancient temple of the fire-worshippers, at present converted into the dwelling of an old Georgian woman; there was nothing in the ruin itself worthy of observation. The old lady was employed in making a bridal dress for her daughter, of more value, apparently, than her whole property; such is the oriental love of finery. In the interior of the country we happened to see

* That Mr. Alcock's is eminently so, we gather not only from the volume before us, but from a pamphlet on Reform, published by J. libery, Titchfield Street.

the merriment of a wedding, which consisted chiefly of dancing and drinking. The men were formed in a ring, leaping and hallooing with such vigour, that the exercise was excessive; and the bride and bridegroom, standing together, having on their heads crowns of gilded ornaments to distinguish them, as is generally the custom in marriages of the Greek church, looked like two egregious fools [an appearance not altogether uncommon even in England, though the parties wear no crowns]. Before the possession of Georgia by the Russians, the women wore their faces covered, according to the fashion and religion of their eastern neighbours: but as the result of all sudden conversions is generally a falling into the contrary extremes, they now volunteer a greater display of their charms than is becoming, and which, leaving nothing to the imagination, destroys the interest one would otherwise take in the contemplation of their handsome features. There are twenty-eight thousand inhabitants in Tiflis, and it is a very flourishing town, carrying on considerable trade with the East and Moscow. It is probable that its commerce will continue to increase, and that a new channel of communication will be opened by the Black Sea, through the province of Gurriel, having Poti as the port, from whence there is a good road, which will enable them to trade directly with the Mediterranean. We arrived at Tiflis a few days after the return of Count Paskevitch's army from a series of successes against the Turks; having first taken Kars after some resistance; Akhalkalaki, which capitulated; and then Akhalstic, where the general was employed five days in entrenching himself on one side of the town only, during which time there was an encounter, and five hundred Turks were killed: he then besieged it from the opposite side; the *ruse de guerre* succeeded, though not without difficulty, or before five or six thousand Turks (the Russian accounts say more) were killed. The siege occupied ten days altogether. In addition to the places already mentioned that fell into the hands of Russia in the campaign of 1828, may be added Poti, Anapa, Diadeen, Bayazeed, Topra-Kalla, and Ardahagn. On some occasions the Turks fought like madmen; so great indeed was their antipathy to the Russians, that even the women blackened their faces, and did their utmost against them. The desperation of the Turks led them to acts of pertinacious courage scarcely conceivable. An officer told me he had seen an old woman present a pistol at some Cossacks who had entered her house after the siege; the soldiers unwilling to kill so old and infirm a person, besought her to drop the weapon; she refused, and they were obliged to run her through with the bayonet. Others, carried by the fanaticism of their religion, threw themselves into the flames, rather than incur the ignominy of becoming slaves to Christians.

The following is a curious illustration of the military discipline of Russia:

"One of the regiments of guards generally stationed at Petersburg, was in Georgia at this time, having been sent there in disgrace, for this is a customary mode of punishment in the Russian army. The officers of this corps are so superior in every respect to those of other regiments, that they can scarcely be supposed to belong to the same service. They are the *élite* of the army, and were of great service in doing the honours of the ball [a ball at Tiflis], and making it such as would have done credit to any regiment in any country. All of them speak French, and German is very ge-

nerally understood: the Russians indeed are remarkably good linguists; their own language is so difficult, and such are the combinations of sounds, and the variety of accents, that those who speak Russ have a great facility in acquiring other languages. It is not an unfrequent custom also to transfer officers in disgrace from one regiment to another: thus no more disagreeable punishment can be imagined for an officer of the guards, than to be sent from Petersburg or Moscow, to serve in a regiment on the coast of the Black or Caspian Sea. For greater offences they are sometimes reduced to the ranks, and are obliged to fall in with the men on parade, although they are mostly allowed certain privileges, such as a servant to clean their horse, if in the cavalry; and they may generally hope to be reinstated on good behaviour. Similar degradations take place in the navy; for I remember, whilst in the Mediterranean, hearing of an officer, who had been a *capitaine de frégate*, on some offence being reduced to the condition of a simple sailor, and being seen swabbing the decks of the vessel he had previously commanded."

Our countryman was much gratified by an excursion, under the protection of Paskevitch, through Kaketia, the finest province of the whole Caucasus, abounding in vines, extensive forests, and splendid scenery, to the little Lesghian republic of Balakan, where, though their hosts were most formidable and ferocious-looking gentry, Mr. A. says, "we passed a most amusing evening. The Russian soldiers were feasted and fêted, as well as ourselves, and played and sang alternately with the Caucasians, who performed their national dance, which more resembles a Scotch hornpipe than any thing I had ever seen."

We continue our selections: "The metropolitan church at Echmiatzen is represented to contain, among many relics, a piece of the ark; although Mount Ararat, whose top is eternally capped with snow, is so conical and difficult to approach, that it has as yet resisted every attempt to attain the summit. There is a ridiculous picture in the church, representing the ark on the top of the mountain, and a Saint Jacob attempting to ascend to it: he is attended by several labourers to clear away the snow; but after various fruitless attempts, (for whenever he slept he found he sank down to the same place), he was at length met by an angel, who handed him a piece of the ark. This interview is introduced into the painting. The Armenians receive this tale as a command that the top of the mountain shall never be ascended, as their holy Jacob was not permitted to succeed in his attempt. On the side of Ararat is a hermitage, supposed to be Noah's habitation on his descent, and the first in the world. This venerable mountain has a most imposing appearance; in addition to its peculiar form, it rises from a champagne country, and appears to much greater effect from there being no other eminences in the vicinity of it, on the side from which we viewed it. On leaving Erivan we had intended to visit the seven churches of Guerni, cut out of the solid rock; but on this occasion our first disaster befell us, and we failed in the object of our expedition. Having set out late, night overtook us before we could expect to arrive at the village, and as it snowed the whole day, our guide had every excuse for mistaking the road. We had observed him for some time looking from right to left, as if he was out of his latitude, and he at length acknowledged he had lost his way. For many long hours we endeavoured by loudly

hallooing to make ourselves heard, but our vociferations were vain: we were creeping into a chimney, in despair of a better place of rest, when, about one o'clock in the morning, we thought we discerned the bark of a watch-dog: having advanced towards the sound, we found in a ruined church our baggage, for the men with the mules had fortunately found their way there also, and an immense flock of sheep; and we began now to understand the cause of our misfortune. The poor guide, whom we had abused for stupidity, had directed his course properly enough; but the village had been demolished when the Russians had passed through in their pursuit of the Persians in the late war, and nothing remained but the stone walls of this welcome church, which now formed an asylum for sheep, and which from the darkness of the night we should not have discovered but for the shepherd's dog. No hotel, however well provided and sumptuous, was ever so welcome as this old church, which afforded at least a shelter against a continued fall of snow. We soon made a fire, and an attack upon the provision-basket made amends for previous cold and hunger. We congratulated ourselves that we had gained experience, which might afterwards be of use to us, not to place too much reliance upon the existence of towns, and run the risk of being benighted in a similar manner. As the villages are universally built of earth, they disappear altogether from time to time, and so complete is the destruction, that it is no exaggeration to say that the mud walls once fallen, soon unite with the ground, and the plough goes over them, leaving not a vestige to be seen. There seems to be nothing to remind the traveller in Armenia of its ancient kingdom, and, like Poland, and several other states, now under the dominion of Russia, (the crowns of most of which are deposited among the regalia at Moscow), it is scarcely known to exist."

Reserving some further extracts for another *Gazette*, we must now finish with the very striking and important portraits of the three great monarchs, as drawn from personal observation by Mr. Aleock.

"The czar, at Odessa, full of energy and activity, was on the point of embarking for Varna, which was daily expected to fall. He is a superb man in person, of good countenance, and without the least ostentation; being dressed in the simplest manner, attended only by three or four courtiers. He seemed engrossed by one object alone—that of carrying on the war vigorously. He is deservedly loved by his subjects—for he is very desirous to improve their condition; and so much good is said of him by strangers, as well as by his own people, that he is greatly to be esteemed as an individual, and as a monarch to be respected and admired. There could not be a greater contrast to the czar than the shah of Persia. Squatting in his oriental apartment, dressed in large flowing robes of cachmere, with bouquets of roses casting their perfume in the air, and fountains of water playing before him; a black and brilliant beard, and remarkably agreeable countenance; all combined to render the appearance of his majesty peculiarly attractive. As we approached his presence, we passed by a long train of his courtiers, and bowed to him three different times, throwing off our slippers at the second bowing, and waiting for an invitation to proceed, which did not fail to come with all the grace and winning manner of the distinguished Persian."

"The former Persian ambassador in England, now minister for foreign affairs, presented

us; and we stood at the end of a moderately sized room, whilst the shah addressed us in a manner the most flattering to our country, and drew a comparison between the Russians and ourselves, not very complimentary to the former. He said, 'that England and Persia were one; that we had been intimately connected for thirty years, and had never had any disputes; but the first moment a Russian embassy came, a most melancholy event occurred.' It will be remembered, that the massacre of the embassy took place a few days before our arrival at the Persian capital. He then dismissed us, offering to appoint one of his servants to attend us on our journey, which we readily accepted. The effeminacy and childishness of this great monarch, compared with the energetic character and the mental and bodily exertions of the Emperor Nicholas, were extremely apparent. Let us now speak of the haughty monarch of Turkey—of him who has had the daring to attempt reforms that had previously caused two revolutions, and the death of two sultans, his predecessors. His pride is, indeed, not less than we could have supposed from what we had always read and heard. I had several opportunities of seeing his majesty, on horseback, and in his barge on the Bosphorus; but the best view I had of him was at the audience of our ambassador. Upon this occasion his eyes (very large and dark) darted from side to side with a quickness scarcely conceivable, whilst he endeavoured to penetrate the characters of those presented before him. His countenance is most singularly striking, full of resolution and fire; a broad, open face, with a dark beard, which being clipped, and made short and stubby, loses all its natural beauty and elegance, and appeared to me with peculiar disadvantage, having recently left a country whose only excellence perhaps consists in the beauty of this unusual but graceful appendage. The sultan of the Mahometan empire is so great a being in his own estimation, that he does not condescend to address the representative of the king of England but through his minister; or to receive him before he has been fed and clothed, and rendered fit to appear in his presence. It is, indeed, curious that the English, or any European nation, can reconcile themselves to such degrading indignities."

[To be continued.]

Sir Edward Seaward's Narrative of his Shipwreck, and consequent Discovery of certain Islands in the Caribbean Sea; with a Detail of many extraordinary and highly interesting events in his Life, from the year 1733 to 1749, as written in his own Diary. Edited by Miss Jane Porter. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1831. Longman and Co.

A DIARY of remarkable adventures, preserved for a century in the family of the writer, and certainly never penned with a view to publication, is precisely one of the works which meets with our greatest regard. Since the spirit-stirring narratives of the bucaniers, we have met with nothing of this kind which has interested us more than this curious history; for the adventures have as much of the advantage of the marvellous, and never offend by details of cruelty and massacre. Sir Edward Seaward, it seems, was born about 1710 or 11, and died in 1774, at his seat, Hartland in Gloucestershire. Early impressed, as if his name had an influence on his destiny, with a fondness for a sea life, his wishes were first gratified by a voyage to Virginia, as supercargo of a vessel belonging to his uncle, a Bristol mer-

chant. This voyage he performed in 1733, and on his return married Eliza Goldsmith. With her he again sailed for Jamaica; and from Jamaica in a trip to the Honduras was wrecked;—the crew took to the boat; but Seaward, his wife, and a little dog, were saved by the brig's being drifted ashore. Here they were in a very Robinson Crusoe-like condition, on an uninhabited island; and the chief difference between the employments and exploits of the hero of *De Foe* and them, as related in these volumes, consists in the former being solitary, and the latter a united pair. Amply supplied with tools, seeds, necessities, and poultry, from the vessel, they become builders, horticulturists, agriculturists, fishers, &c. and the island soon smiled beneath their industry into a Paradise, of which they were the Adam and Eve. Their mutual affection, amiable feelings, humanity, and piety, are very naturally and touchingly drawn; and though the daily details are rather minute, we do not think that readers of any class (except perhaps the few who can only enjoy the feverish excitement of romance, or high-seasoned pungency in poetry,) will deem them tedious. We will endeavour to convey a notion of their character by a few extracts.

"Saturday, 2d. In the morning we found ourselves very stiff from the efforts of the preceding day; and had recourse to a copious ablution of sea-water upon the deck, immediately after getting up; which was succeeded, as on former occasions, by a perfect renovation. My wife had experienced so much utility in her change of costume, that with my permission she would henceforth dispense with the petticoats, and dress *à la Turque*: I was quite agreeable; the new dress was sufficiently modest, and more appropriate to her present situation; and in truth it was very becoming, being not a little graceful."

"Friday, 8th.—My dear wife kept closely at her needle-work, while I employed myself in cutting some small trees and brushwood. During my task, she got a little tired of being from me; and to my own glad greeting, too, suddenly joined me with her fishing-rod ready baited in her hand, and invited me to accompany her to the rock. 'The day wears,' said she, smiling, 'and I come to my duty.' 'Dearest,' cried I, 'no duty; only thy pastime; but I will now do it, for it is sometimes rather tugging work.' 'Oh, no, dear Edward; you allotted it to me, and I will not give up my office. So long as you replenish the conservatory, I will furnish you with its fish. 'Well, well, be it so,' said I; and, instantly resolving on a bit of merriment, determined to leave the matter entirely to herself; so, walking up with her to the rock over the cask, she dropped in the bait, which was greedily seized by some strong fish, and the action pulled the rod by a jerk from her hand; but she quickly picked it up, (for I did not), while I said, 'You shall have fair play, and the fish too.' Fidele would have helped her if he could; he seemed to understand what was going forward, for he jumped off the rock on to the top of the cask, and I really thought he was going to take the line in his mouth. The fish, however, kept its station; and the delicate arm of my dear wife was unable to drag him forth. I now offered to assist her. 'No, no; fair play, Edward,' she cried; 'no fish, no dinner.' She did indeed tug, and the fish tugged, and my poor love was almost tired out; at last, by one great effort, she raised him out of the hatch, on to the top of the cask, where Fidele stood; but the fish made a bound, and carried line and rod

into the open water; while Fidele, struck with terror, leaped back upon the rock; but as since our arrival here we had accustomed him to go into the smooth sea, and bring out pieces of stick, he now, with a little encouragement from his mistress, who ran round with him to the sandy beach of the inlet, immediately took the water; and, laying hold of the rod, (the fish being almost spent by its preceding exertion), kept it fast in his mouth, and, after many fruitless efforts, managed to get footing with his cumbrous prize, and, to the great joy of my wife, placed the rod in her hand. She then drew up the fish with a triumph, which, she declared, was all their own. I gave the dear pair a cheer of applause, which Fidele returned with an extraordinary howl, that made us both laugh. Before we carried away her prize, as the rest of the fish in the conservatory had been some days without food, I threw some in to them, and then turned my steps homeward with my sweet helpmate. Together, we prepared the calipevar for dinner, which duly appeared, with all the *et-ceteras*, limes and peppers. In honour of the contest, my wife set before me a bottle of our canary wine; and she placed a rich dessert also on the table, namely, an over-ripe pine and a fine shaddock. After so sumptuous a feast, I was not disposed to sink into the woodman again that day, but sat like a nabob, enjoying the fruit and beverage, drinking the health of my most excellent and courteous fisherman. My dear Eliza was quite happy in seeing me, for once since our landing, laying aside all care; and I believe, on this occasion, I became a little exhilarated. We talked over the battle of the fish, which reminded us of Waller's battle of the Bermudians with the whale; and I laughed heartily again and again,—an excess of mirth neither natural nor habitual to me. After our more than usually generous regale, we extended some of its indulgences to our crowding retainers without. We fed the armadillo from our fruit, played with the young kids, and treated their mothers with the parings of our shaddock and pine-apple. The poultry, too, were not forgotten. At sunset we retired to our marine abode."

Besides the armadillo, which they caught and tamed, Fidele, the dog, used occasionally to catch an iguana, which made an excellent dish of fresh food; and on one occasion they had a famous battle with a herd of peccaries, of which they slew seven. But the chief incidents are the discovery of a great treasure in a cavern, where it had been left by some Spanish pirate; and the arrival of a canoe, with two negroes, their wives, and a young girl, who of course becomes attendant on Mrs. Seaward. The colony thus increased is threatened by a *guarda costa*, in pursuit of a trader from Virginia: the former is gallantly repulsed, and the latter finally removes the Seawards to Jamaica.

Their future voyages backwards and forwards; the increased prosperity of the island, or rather islands (for there were two, divided by a channel); their visits to England; interviews with ministers on the subject of these colonies; the knighting of Seaward; and the final surrender of his islands to Spain; are all related with much verisimilitude. So in the end, with its good moral inculcations, its style well beseeeming the period to which it is assigned, and the general interest of the story; we can very cordially recommend this work—*si non e vero e ben trovato*.

Pin Money: a Novel. By the Authoress of the "Manners of the Day." 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1831. Colburn and Bentley.

KEEN in observation, lively in detail, and with a peculiar and piquant style, Mrs. Charles Gore gives to the novel that charm which makes the fascination of the best French memoir-writers. Her novels are social biographies, only rather more amusing than real life. She does in narrative what Horace Walpole did in letters—embody the passing time with its follies and its vanities, whence is drawn the bitter satire of wit, and the bitter moral of truth. We do not believe in transmigration, therefore do not suppose his spirit actually animates the lady; but much of his spirit animates her pages. There is the same malice, the caustic remark, the quick eye for the false and for the ludicrous, and a taste for the luxurious—witness the fêtes, &c. so richly described, which might well have suited the epicurean cynic of Strawberry Hill. The heroine is one who illustrates in her own person the many difficulties, vexations, and dangers, that beset even one in possession of, as an old essayist in the *Mirror* would say, "all the blessings of life." Two underplots, mysteries both, are interwoven with her story; but we are too desirous of giving our readers as much pleasure as possible, to think of unravelling them. We shall make a few chance extracts, which will rather give an idea of the author's style than her story.

Falling in love in a large family.—There was a certain Lady Mapleberry, "with six unmarried daughters;—one of those large, lively, goodhumoured, singing, dancing, riding, chatting families, where a young man seeking a wife is apt to fall in love with the joint-stock merit and animation of the group; and to feel quite astonished on discovering, after his union with Harriet or Jane, how moderate a proportion he has received in his lawful sixth of the music, information, accomplishments, and good-humoured gossip of the united tribe."

There is much feminine tact in the following remark:—

"We have been admonished by the royal philosopher of the Jews, that the sun should not go down upon our wrath: but had Solomon penetrated half the mysteries of the female breast, he would have additionally interdicted a sunset upon our coolness! Anger is of brief endurance, and soon raves itself to rest; but coolness is as long-lived as other cold-blooded animals:—it is as the toad which exists for a thousand years in the heart of a rock! Were I, like Dr. Gregory and other moral tacticians, to bequeath a legacy of counsel to my daughters, I would say—'Never sleep upon a misunderstanding with those you love;—if you feel less kindly towards them than usual, the chances run that you are in the wrong.'"

So is there in the next scene:—

"Among the incidents and passions influencing the variabilities of woman's humour, few are more potent, yet more indignantly disavowed, than the love of finery. From the moment a girl becomes conscious of the difference between sky-blue and rose-colour, it is astonishing what wonders can be wrought in the temper of her mind, and mood of her feelings, by the acquisition of a new dress, or the sight of some particular friend's Parisian bonnet; and there scarcely exists a woman wise or virtuous enough to be insensible to the change produced in her appearance by variation of attire. Goldsmith knew more of woman-kind than they know of themselves, when he

made Dr. Primrose declare that a set of new ribands sufficed to metamorphose his philosophical daughter Sophia into a coquette! Lady Rawleigh, saddened by her husband's absence, and vexed by the *contretemps* of the morning, entered her dressing-room at night to prepare for Almack's with a mien of sober wisdom such as might have become Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, and formed an edifying frontispiece to her translation of Epictetus. But when, on opening the door, a bevy of female domestics took flight, like a covey of partridges, through the opposite entrance, to whom Mrs. Pasley had been displaying 'my lady's court-dress, and my lady's sumptuous plume just mounted by Monsieur Nardin,'—and Frederica, through the door of the open *commode*, caught a glimpse of the splendours which were to enhance her public appearance on the morrow,—she crossed the room with a lighter step; and a regret arose in her bosom, that Sir Brooke's absence and her mother's indisposition would deprive her of the support of their presence, and themselves of the gratification of witnessing her triumph;—for triumph it must be,—or her second glance at the glistening satin and waving feathers had strangely deceived her. In defiance of her previous intention, she even complied with Pasley's request, that she would wear her set of turquoises at the ball, in order that her diamonds might be free from a particle of dust for the drawing-room. To own the truth, the 'three-piled hyperbole' of the lady's maid, that my lady was in too good looks to need the 'sorrow haid of ornament,' was rather less figurative than many of Mrs. Pasley's suggestions; Frederica's cheek was flushed with the flurry of her spirits, and her eyes were irradiated with the unnatural brilliancy which a heightened complexion naturally imparts. Scarcely had she entered the ball-room at Willis's, when Mrs. Erskyne spitefully whispered in her ear, 'My dear Fred., you must have certainly rubbed your face against one of the red morocco library chairs, or Sir Brooke's yeomanry uniform, or your rouge is full three shades too deep!'—an observation which deepened the flush of Lady Rawleigh's blushing cheeks full three shades more; while Lady Rochester, no longer solicitous to decompose so exaggerated a complexion, shook her head, and complained aloud, 'that the true French pink had never been worn by a single Englishwoman since the days of the beautiful Lady Coventry;—that even Lord Calder's new Venus did not find herself at all times sufficiently fair to venture upon rouge of real delicacy.' Delicate or indelicate, the augmented brilliancy of Frederica's complexion was received with universal applause; and while she advanced side by side with Mrs. William Erskyne indiscreetly escorted by a single admirer, she found herself followed by half-a-dozen; by Sir Robert Morse buzzing his indiscriminate flatteries with the drone of a blue-bottle fly; Lord Putney occasionally breaking forth into some bitter sarcasm, intended to brand him with the reputation of romantic misanthropy; Colonel Rhyse unconsciously tendering to her acceptance some of those cut-and-dried sentences of ready-made admiration which he had bestowed upon the successive beauties of that ball-room (and Miss Rawdon among the number) for the last fifteen years; a young guardsmen, galloppe-mad, tormenting her to augment the list of unhappy females whom his awkwardness had assisted to stretch upon the slippery boards; and Lord George Madrigal, the Bayly of the aristocracy, whose witticisms are unfortunately borrowed from the most approved

authorities, and whose poetry—still more unfortunately—is unquestionably original, and borrowed only from himself: a young gentleman personifying, according to his own hisping *pneumonthiathon*,

The ecchpechthanthly and woth of the fair thate!

It was the first time Lady Rawleigh had appeared in public without her husband; and she was astonished to find that in her independent position of matron, she was a thousand times more in want of the sanction of her own sex, than she had ever been as Frederica Rawdon. A ball-room is the natural element of extreme youth—the becoming sphere of an unmarried girl; but a young wife seems to need some excuse for her presence there unsupported by her husband's company. She is rejected from the sofas of the elderly chaperons, who regard her as an interloper, and suspend in her presence their mutual inquiries into the extent of young Lord Priory's rent-roll;—the young ladies shrink from her with the briefest possible replies to her observations and civilities, in order that they may resume their private flirtations and partner-hunts;—and unless, by joining in the dance, she chooses to avoid the perils of her isolation, it passes into a general opinion that *she is there to flirt, and to be flirted with*. Very soon after Lady Rawleigh's entrance she found herself deserted by Mrs. Erskyne, who went off to waltz, and to repose herself afterwards in one of the least ostensible corners of the tea-room; and unwilling to linger near the ropes with the homage of so extensive a group devoted to herself, she accepted the arm of Sir Robert Morse, her oldest and least attractive acquaintance among them, and retired to an upper sofa, on which her intimate friends and country neighbours, Lady Lawford and Lady Huntingfield, were seated in rigid chaperonship, with ~~an~~ in hand and glassy eyes fixed upon their several daughters, like the immobile effigies of the queen and princesses arranged in chairs of state at Mrs. Salmon's wax-work! But, to her great embarrassment, they became, on her arrival, as mute as the puppets in question; and she found herself treated with a degree of polite reserve, plainly indicating that they regarded her as twenty years too young for the station she had chosen. How could Lady Lawford continue in her presence the narrative with which she had been recreating Lady Huntingfield, concerning the extremely unhandsome conduct pursued by Lord Putney towards her niece Araminta the preceding summer at Ryde; when it was so probable that his lordship's friend, Sir Brooke Rawleigh's pretty wife, might acquaint him with every word of complaint that proceeded from her lips? Or how could Lady Huntingfield inquire of Lady Lawford whether it was true that the estates of Lord Offaley (the father of Colonel Rhyse, who was dancing with her daughter Lady Margaret Fieldham) were likely to come round, when the affairs of Lord Launceston were so notoriously implicated in the same embarrassment; when there sat Lord Launceston's sister in judgment upon their curiosity?"

We conclude with a very beautiful image:—
"Alas! how rarely amid the scenes of polished life are the surface and substance truly identified;—how seldom does the word on the lip, or the expression glancing in the eye, accord with the mighty feeling labouring within! A diamond melts in the crucible—but the exhalations emanating from its decomposition are not a degree more noble than those which arise from an ordinary conflagration;—the heart

consumes away in secret corrosion—but flip-pant wit and hollow laughter grace its martyrdom."

We now leave these three pleasant and lively volumes with one question—Does the author of the *Tuileries* write by steam?

The Botanical Miscellany. Parts V. and VI.
By William J. Hooker, LL.D., &c. 8vo.
London, 1831. Murray.

Illustrations of Indian Botany; being Supplement I. to the Botanical Miscellany. By Richard Wight, M.A. 4to. London, 1831. Murray.

PROFESSOR HOOKER'S resources, which equal those of any society in this country in the at once popular and interesting branch of natural history which regards plants and flowers, promises well for a periodical under his guidance. There have been rumours of insufficient patronage; but, after a slight delay, we hope that the appearance of two parts at once, and of a supplement, will not only prove these rumours to be unfounded, but shew that the work is going on with increased vigour and success. Men of science, in speaking of one another's labours, often address eulogies to their contemporaries which are not common among a more sensitive class of writers; and the reason is very appreciable, when we consider the difference between the efforts of the two classes, which in the latter case are devoted to the communication and perfection of the product of the mind—the treasures of reason and imagination; and in the former are enlisted in the service of nature, in the study of her phenomena, in classing her products, in expounding the wisdom with which she has created her chain of being, and with which she continues the destiny of the world in its circle of decay and regeneration. It will be sufficient, however, in favour of the *Botanical Miscellany*, to point out the fact, that the investigations of our naturalists in the North American expeditions, and the collections of several lengthened voyages, are ransacked for its pages; while the researches of several gentlemen long resident in South America, in Chili, in Peru, in Brazil, —of able and active collectors at the Cape, in our various colonial possessions, more especially the West Indies, and the results of an extensive European correspondence—are also digested and wove into a legible form for this periodical.

With regard to the botany of India, it has taken entirely a new face within a short time; partly from the interest excited in what relates to our eastern possessions, and partly from the liberality of the East India Company. Of the several herbariums lately added to Dr. Wallich's immense collections, it appears that that of Dr. Wight stands pre-eminent. It was compiled while he was director of the Botanic Garden at Madras. He has diligently explored the neighbourhood of Negapatam; he has sent collectors, at his own expense, to various distances, and employed draughtsmen; and the plants thus discovered and delineated are (as we judge from Part I.) to be made known to the world in a Supplement, in every respect worthy of the excellent periodical it accompanies—the *Botanical Miscellany*.

Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. Complete in 1 vol., double columns, pp. 1256. London, 1831. T. Cadell.

THIS new edition of Gibbon is published by that numerous body of "the trade," in which a large proportion of old and valuable copy-

rights is vested. They announce their intention of republishing the other great historical works, &c. of this country in a similar form, and at a like low price—for Gibbon, heretofore 8 vols., and 3l. 4s., is now in 1 vol. at 20s., which is less than even the cost of Mr. Robinson's edition lately noticed in the *Literary Gazette*, the appearance of which probably led to this revolution. But whatever the cause, we are glad to see sterling authors like Gibbon, Robertson, Dugald Stewart, and others, produced entire, in this manner; and we approve of it the more, because we cannot help feeling a doubt, or rather a presentiment, that many of the monthly abridgments and selections are calculated to injure the writers so edited, to prevent the diffusion of full information, and greatly to hurt the interests of living authors, and, through them, the general cause of literature. The system of manufacturing from old materials is very much against original production.

The Gardens and Menagerie of the Zoological Society delineated; being Descriptions and Figures in Illustration of the Natural History of the living Animals in the Society's Collection. The Drawings by W. Harvey; engraved by Branson and Wright, &c. 2 vols. C. Tilt.

THIS beautiful work we have frequently noticed as its parts appeared, and we need only say that it is altogether, in design and in execution, as interesting a publication as could well be imagined. The wood engravings are the perfection of art: the animals scientifically correct, yet spirited, and the tail-pieces admirable. The first volume is assigned to quadrupeds; the second to birds. The letter-press descriptions and notices are full of entertaining knowledge; and some of the specimens described are so rare and curious as to add greatly to the pleasure we derive in being made acquainted with their habits. In short, these volumes are an honour to the Zoological Society, and to all those who have been concerned in producing them in their handsome form.

Divines of the Church of England, No. XIII. Jeremy Taylor; Vol. I. Pp. 344. London, Valpy.

THE works of Jeremy Taylor have been so lately and admirably revived in the 8vo. edition with Bishop Heber's biography, that we have nothing to say of this new publication, but that its moderate form is a great recommendation.

Epitome of English Literature, No. III. Philosophy; Locke. Pp. 427. Valpy.

ANOTHER neat and useful republication.

Family Classical Library, No. XVIII. Horace. Vol. II.; Phædrus. Valpy.

THE conclusion of the Horace of Dr. Francis, with an appendix containing odes, satires, &c., by various authors, some of them living aspirants to and ornaments of our Parnassus; and eighty pages of Phædrus's Fables, as translated by Smart. These together form a delightful little volume. Several of the new Horatian translations are extremely well done, and impart much additional interest to the work.

Sacred Lyrics. By Alfred Bartholemew, Architect. Pp. 457. Rivingtons.

"An attempt to render the Psalms of David more applicable to parochial psalmody." We

cannot tell what the versification might do for psalmody; but the sense of David's Psalms is much altered by the refinements of the author.

Roscoe's Novelist's Library, Vol. II.; De Foe's Robinson Crusoe. Cochrane and Pickersgill. LIKE Vol. I., neatly ornamented and prettily got up. The immortal and ever-pleasing adventures of Robinson Crusoe are here concluded; and brief accounts of Juan Fernandez and Alexander Selkirk judiciously added.

Henry Pestalozzi, and his Plan of Education; being an Account of his Life and Writings, with copious Extracts from his Works, and extensive Details illustrative of the Practical Parts of his Method. By E. Biber, Ph.D. 8vo. pp. 468. London, 1831. J. Souter.

THE title-page so sufficiently explains the nature of this publication, that we need only say it is an interesting and complete exposition of the celebrated system of Pestalozzi; and that a portrait of this virtuous and philanthropic individual is prefixed to the volume.

A Letter to the Editor of the Edinburgh Review, in answer to his Criticism on a Journal of a Passage down the River Marañon, &c. By Lieut. H. Lister Maw, R.N. Pp. 15.

WE know very well—"none so well as we"—how difficult a matter it is for reviewers to satisfy authors; and, on general principles, we ought to range ourselves on the side of *The Edinburgh* in this collision. But a certain little ingredient called truth will not let us. Lieut. Maw clearly as well as piquantly demonstrates that some of his statements have been misrepresented by the Review in question; and we have no doubt the editor will do him justice, by a note setting things in their right light, in his earliest succeeding publication. Lieut. Maw's journey was a very interesting one; and men who perform such laborious and dangerous services are entitled to liberal criticism, as well as to liberality in every other point of consideration: but we are particularly bound to notice this case, as we perceive, page 3, that the northern reviewer charged the author with not having even "attempted to describe" a certain scene, the description of which very scene the *Literary Gazette* declared to be "picturesque;"—a striking enough difference as to a fact!!!

The History of English Dramatic Poetry to the Time of Shakespeare, and Annals of the Stage to the Restoration. By J. Payne Collier, Esq. F.S.A. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1831. Murray.

A PUBLICATION of vast research and great ability, bringing to light a multitude of most interesting facts connected with the early drama of England,—we have only had time hastily to look over these volumes; but a very brief inspection has sufficed to shew us, that for curious and hitherto unexplored dramatic antiquities, for pictures of manners, for entertaining anecdotes, and for the revival of literature which ought never to have fallen into oblivion,—a production more deserving of universal popularity has not issued from the press for very many years. In our ensuing Nos. we shall do our best to exemplify the riches contained in these pages.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

LINNÆAN SOCIETY.

A. B. LAMBERT, Esq. V.P., in the chair. A portion of a paper, on the organic matter found

in sulphurous springs, by Dr. Daubeny, Professor of Chemistry in the University of Oxford, was read. The learned professor agrees with M. De Gimbernat and others in referring this organic matter to the vegetable kingdom: it is nearly allied to the *confervee*—and its occurrence in hot sulphurous springs may be considered a remarkable circumstance in nature. On the table were specimens of the fruit of a new species of Sago palm, from the island of Rotuma, and of a new kind of tree of the order *proteaceae*. Robert Brown, Edward Forster, Aylmer Bourke Lambert, Esqrs., and Dr. Matton, were elected vice-presidents for the ensuing year.

RICHARD LANDER.

OUR enterprising traveller and his brother reached Portsmouth on Wednesday afternoon in the *William Harris*; and on Thursday morning Richard arrived in London, leaving his brother in charge of their property, and to pass it through the Custom-house. The latter had been ill nearly throughout the whole of their perilous journey, and was not in town when we wrote this notice for the press yesterday afternoon.

Richard fully confirms the accuracy of the first account, which we had the satisfaction to communicate to the public in the *Literary Gazette*. No white man ever descended the Niger before, in the memory of the natives, or in any tradition among them. This, therefore, is the accomplishment of a great event,—the complete solution of a very interesting, and, as the results may prove, a very important problem.

Lord Goderich has received Lander with great affability and kindness; and under such auspices, we have no doubt his merit will be justly appreciated, and his exploit liberally rewarded.

Richard Lander himself looks well, though he is as brown as a Moor.

We learn with much pleasure that, though despoiled by the Hibboos, the journal of their progress has been preserved in a complete state; so that there will be no difficulty in having a narrative of this interesting journey sent immediately to press. It would be injudicious, under these circumstances, to weaken the public curiosity by any partial details; and the travellers are properly counselled not to relate their adventures in order to gratify private news-mongers. For ourselves, we should be very sorry to impair the interest in the individuals and in their achievement so highly felt by the public; and we shall only add, that the commercial and political prospects opened by this discovery are not only likely to be of considerable advantage to this country and to Africa, but that no time will be lost ere their consequences will be put to trial.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex in the chair.—Three papers were read: the first was entitled, "researches on physical astronomy," by J. W. Lubbock, Esq.; the second, "on the theory of elliptic transcendents," by James Ivory, Esq.; and the third, "an experimental investigation of the phenomena of endosmose and exosmose," by William Ritchie, Esq. After noticing the views entertained on this interesting subject by Porrett, Dutrochet, Poisson, and others, the author of this paper enters on an experimental investigation into their truth. He is of opinion that Porrett's and Dutrochet's ar-

rangement is the best for exhibiting the facts of endosmose and exosmose. A funnel-shaped tube, an inch in diameter at the bottom, and terminating upwards in a bore one-eighth of an inch; the lower orifice covered with bladder, deprived of its fatty matter by ammonia, and the interior of the tube partly filled with alcohol, on being placed in water, the increase of fluid in the tube by the water passing into it, takes place; a result directly the reverse occurs when water is made the included liquid. The phenomenon shews the attraction of alcohol for water, and the facility with which membranes allow water to permeate them. Whalebone, from its attraction for water, and want of it for alcohol, has the same effect as membrane. The feathers of birds have so strong an attraction for moisture, that they can instinctively feel a presentiment of change of weather from this circumstance; quills, therefore, have been used as intermedia, and found to act as membrane, when sufficient time had been allowed for the pores to afford an easy passage for water. With a tube sixteen feet long, and similar in bore to a spirit thermometer, Dutrochet found that in twenty-four hours the fluid rose to the upper extremity of the tube, and flowed over. After a variety of minute details, Mr. Ritchie closed his paper with some clever remarks touching the analogy of these experiments to vegetable physiology. The white and delicate filaments of roots of plants are considered the membrane; the sap in the plant the attractive fluid; and the moisture of the earth the water. The force with which the sap rises will depend on its nature, the strength of the radical fibres, and the quantity of moisture in the ground. The vine raises its sap with greater force than any other plant experimented on by Hales. Several fellows were elected, and others admitted.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

MR. HAMILTON in the chair.—Mr. Britton exhibited three drawings, by the late Mr. Capon, of antiquities discovered on or near the site of the ancient palace at Westminster. One was a carved capital, found built into a wall in 1807: it had three sides, on one of which the carving was defaced; on the other sides were sentences explaining the subjects carved; one represented William Rufus, and the other Gislebertus, sub-abbot of Westminster. Another of the drawings was of part of an ancient painting of the decollation of St. John; the other represented part of a beautifully carved and painted ceiling, which was destroyed in 1806. W. Hoskins, Esq. exhibited a small sketch from a monument in the street of tombs at Pompeii: the subject was a ship,—the crew were represented as boys, who were taking in the sail, with an adult sitting at his ease at the helm; which Mr. H. considered an allegorical allusion to the conclusion of the voyage of life, when the steersman's occupation was gone. The secretary read a further portion of Mr. Grover's dissertation on ancient history. On the table was laid a bronze lamp, of very rude construction, in the form of a man on horseback, which, from the shape of his beard and the dress, appeared to be of the time of James I.; also, part of a chestnut beam, from the roof of St. Saviour's Church, Southwark, which had been placed there in the reign of King John, and lately removed on account of its decayed state.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

LORD BEXLEY, V.P. in the chair.—A notice of some Egyptian antiquities, by Sir William

Ouseley, R.A., R.S.L., was read. This memoir chiefly consisted of descriptions of four drawings, which accompanied it:—No. 1, various hieroglyphic inscriptions, from a small mutilated statue. No. 2, characters copied from a papyrus. No. 3, fragments of a very curious manuscript, exhibiting hieroglyphic figures and characters, found in the coffin of a mummy near Thebes. No. 4, hieroglyphic devices on a piece of red cornelian. To the description of the above remains of Egyptian antiquity, the writer appended some remarks respecting the period when the art of embalming was discontinued in Egypt, and on the time of the disuse of the sacred Egyptian characters.

The Right Hon. Lord Carrington was admitted a member. Mr. Millingen presented his work on ancient coins of Greek cities and kings.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

Anniversary Meeting.—The Hon. C. W. Wynn in the chair. Raja Ramohun Roy was introduced to the President, and formally admitted a foreign member of the Society, as was also Seyd Khan, agent to H. R. H. Abbas Mirza. The report of the council on the Society's proceedings during the last year, was read and adopted. It adverted to the loss of the Society's first patron soon after the last anniversary, and the acceptance of that office by his present majesty; likewise the election of H. R. H. Prince Leopold to the vacant office of vice-patron. The report then noticed the exertions making by the Auxiliary Society of Madras in furtherance of the views of this Society, particularly in the examination of the Mackenzie collection; and next enumerated the principal donors to the library and museum. It stated that Part I. of Vol. V. of the *Transactions* was laid upon the table; and concluded with expressions of regret that the continued indisposition of Mr. Colebrooke had prevented him from making any communication to this Number. The report of the auditors was delivered by Mr. Mackleu; and, we are sorry to say, did not present such a favourable view of the state of the Society's finances as could be wished. It was received, and ordered to be printed. Sir A. Johnston delivered the report of the Committee of Correspondence, and addressed the meeting at considerable length in elucidation of the various topics therein alluded to. In the course of his address, Sir Alexander spoke of various distinguished individuals, in connexion with the Society, making great efforts for the promotion of the objects which it has in view; and, in particular, he paid a glowing compliment to the illustrious native of India (Ramohun Roy) then present, who by his writings and example has almost solely accomplished a great moral change in the minds of the people of India.*

Lords Amherst, Melville, and Bexley; Hon. M. Elphinstone, Col. Doyle, N. B. Edmonstone, Esq., Capt. Grindlay, and H. P. G. Tucker, Esq., were withdrawn from the council, and succeeded by the Duke of Somerset, Lord Kingsborough, Sir J. Malcolm, C. Elliot, J. Hodges, R. Jenkins, and A. Mackleu, Esqrs., and Colonel T. P. Thompson, were elected in their place. The officers were all re-elected.

Among the members present were the Earl of Munster, Right Hon. R. Wilmot Horton, Sir W. Ouseley, Lieut.-General Macaulay, the Abbé Dubois, &c. &c.

* As this very able address was ordered to be printed, we abstain from attempting what must have been a very imperfect report of it.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

[Concluding Notice.]

THERE are some things which the members conducting the business of the Royal Academy cannot do; and there are some things which, if they chose, they could do. They cannot hang every deserving picture in a good light or situation; but they could return it with civility, and not as if it were rejected with scorn. They cannot help the up-and-down toil of the visitors to their exhibition, the dungeon-like gloom of the model-room, or the chaotic assemblage in the antique; but they could prevent the architectural department from being mixed up with portraits in oil, and other incongruous works. In this last objection, however, we do not comprehend the casts from gems, the models in wax, and other materials, &c. Of these, there is a number of very clever specimens in the library. Some of the most striking are—No. 1077, *Medallio Portrait of his late Majesty George IV.*, A. J. Stothard; No. 1079, *Impression from the obverse and reverse of the Gold Prize Medal of the Royal Academy*, W. Wyon; No. 1081, *Medal of His Majesty, struck by command of the Queen*, W. Wyon,—a most exquisite performance; No. 1072, *Medallio Portrait of the Rev. T. J. Judkin, A.M.*, A. J. Stothard; No. 1040, *A Bacchanalian Head*, J. Parry, Sen.; No. 1042, *Portrait of Miss Emma Murray, as Spring*, T. Smith; No. 1076, *Model of the Daughters of the Earl of Radnor*, R. C. Lucas; No. 1083, *Model of the Daughters of the Earl of Carlisle*, R. C. Lucas; No. 1082, *Race-horses, an impression from an Intaglio*, J. T. Williams; No. 1126, *Bust of the Rev. Daniel Wilson, M.A.*, C. A. Rivers; No. 1122, *Venus and Adonis*, R. C. Lucas; &c. &c. &c.

SCULPTURE ROOM.

Both within and without the walls of the Academy, we do not remember a season in which the native talent of our sculptors has appeared to more advantage, or in which there has been a richer display of works of excellence in their high department of the arts.

No. 1190, *Bust of His Majesty*. F. Chantrey, R.A.—One of the most striking proofs of his peculiar genius that Mr. Chantrey has ever produced; and in which the purity of the marble (for it is an exquisite specimen) is in perfect accordance with the chaste and dignified character of the features and expression. Slightly generalised, the resemblance is, nevertheless, admirable; and in execution nothing can surpass this beautiful and highly finished work.

No. 1195, *A Nymph untying her Sandal*. J. Gibson.—We consider this performance not only as the finest in the present exhibition, but as the finest single figure which has appeared in Somerset House since one of a similar character by Nollekens—if, indeed, in purity of design, and beautiful delicacy of expression, it does not go beyond that well-known *chef-d'œuvre*.

No. 1197, *Statue in marble of the late Mrs. T. Rawson, of Nield, Yorkshire*. R. Westmacott, R.A.—Devotion and adoration were never more ably and interestingly represented than in the unaffected grace and simplicity of this statue.

No. 1162, *Alto Relievo, Maternal Affection*. E. H. Baily, R.A.—The lines attached to the title in the catalogue of this admirable group are quite supererogatory. Distinguished throughout by taste and feeling, it could never have been mistaken for any other subject.

No. 1165, *Alto Relievo, the Outrage of the Centaurs at the Nuptials of Pirithous and Hippodamia*. W. Pitts.—Few artists have more skillfully or more powerfully executed classical and mythological subjects than Mr. Pitts. The able performance under our notice is replete with spirited action, variety of form, and diversity of character.

No. 1194, *Satan*. W. G. Nicholl.—Mr. Nicholl has shewn great energy in this attempt; but we question whether even the powers of a Michael Angelo would be adequate fully to embody the sublime description of the poet.

No. 1192, *The Husbandman*. C. Rossi, R.A.—Subjects in common life—such, for instance, as the cricketer, the boxer, &c.—have frequently been invested by Mr. Rossi with the dignified simplicity of the antique; and the same quality distinguishes the present performance. This veteran artist appears to have thoroughly understood the value of the advice which Polonius gives to Laertes—

“Be thou familiar; but by no means vulgar.”

The sentiment of the figure is finely in unison with the sentiment in the quotation from Thomson.

No. 1196, *A Group in marble of Cupid and Hymen*. G. Rennie.—A very able performance; although we feel a little annoyed by the inflated cheeks of Cupid. The action would hardly be allowable even in a zephyr.

Among other well-designed and well-executed figures and groups are—No. 1226, *Infant Moses, in marble*, S. Nixon; No. 1131, *Historical Group, Virginius and Virginia*, J. Deare; No. 1224, *The Madness of Athamas*, J. Gott; No. 1191, *A Nymph going into the Bath, a statue in marble*, R. J. Wyatt; No. 1159, *Vertumnus, a statue in marble*, J. G. Bubb, &c. &c. Besides that of his Majesty, there are many busts of distinguished excellence; such as No. 1218, *Bust of H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex*, F. Chantrey, R.A.; No. 1183, *Marble Bust of the Countess of Sheffield*, W. Behnes; No. 1185, *Bust in marble of Lady Thorold*, P. Rouw; No. 1199, *Bust in marble of Davies Gilbert, Esq., M.P.*, S. Joseph; No. 1200, *Marble Bust of the Earl of Eldon*, W. Behnes; No. 1201, *Marble Bust of H. R. H. Prince George of Cambridge*, W. Behnes; No. 1212, *Model of a Bust of J. Northcott, Esq., R.A.*, E. H. Baily, R.A.; No. 1213, *Model of a Bust of Lord Chancellor Brougham*, E. H. Baily, R.A.; &c. &c. &c.

We have thus, in our usual way, pointed out some of the principal performances in the present exhibition. In so doing, we have freely and gladly bestowed praise where praise has appeared to us to be due; and where we have been compelled to disapprove, we trust that our remarks have not been made in an unkind or unfriendly spirit. We are, indeed, too well aware of the great difficulties in the practice of the arts, and of the various obstacles which impede the progress of their professors, to be betrayed into a severity of criticism, as opposed to good taste as to good feeling; and which can be gratifying only to the thoughtless, the ignorant, or the malicious. Of some vulgar attempts which have recently been made to depreciate, not only artists, but the arts themselves, we shall merely observe, that they are disgraceful to the writers from whom they proceeded, and to the publications in which they appeared. Were any refutation of such calumnies necessary, a noble one might be found in the following extract from the eloquent speech of the present highly gifted Lord Chancellor, at the last anniversary dinner of the Royal Academy:—

“This is, indeed, not more a display of the triumph of the fine arts than of the deep interest which the most distinguished classes of the community take in their progress; and well they may! Of those pursuits, what has not been said, what panegyrics not pronounced, hundreds, almost thousands, of years ago, by the most eloquent of tongues! That they are the ornament of prosperous fortune and the solace of adverse, give a zest to our daily toil, and watch with us through the sleepless night, enliven the solitude of the country, and tranquillise the bustle and turmoil of the town—all this is true, but it is not the whole truth. All this they do, and much more. The fine arts are great improvers of mankind; they are living sources of refinement—the offspring, indeed, of civilisation; but, like her of Greece whose piety they have so often commemorated, nourishing the parent from whom their existence was derived—softening and humanising the characters of men—assuaging the fierceness of the wilder passions; substituting calm and harmless enjoyment for more perilous excitement—maintaining the innocent intercourse of nations, and affording one more pledge of Peace, their great patroness and protectress, as she is of all that is most precious and most excellent among men. It becomes us all, then, most diligently to foster them. It is the duty of the government, it is the interest of the country. No station is so exalted, no fortune so splendid, as not to derive lustre from bestowing such patronage—no lot so obscure as not to participate in the benefits they diffuse.”

BRITISH GALLERY.

THE British Gallery, for years one of the chief and most efficient instruments in the advancement of our native school of painting, is again about to open with a collection of ancient masters, liberally contributed by their several proprietors. In about ten days we understand the exhibition will be opened; and in the mean time we have great pleasure in stating that some splendid pictures have been already received.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

By the report of the directors to the annual meeting of the British Institution, we have the satisfaction to learn that it has received the high sanction and approbation of his majesty; who, in condescending to become its patron, has expressed his full sense of the benefit and utility of the establishment in promoting the cultivation of the fine arts throughout the United Kingdom. It farther appears, that the profits arising from the exhibition of Sir T. Lawrence's works, amounting to £3,000 have been presented to his family, according to the intention of his late majesty. “The governors of this Institution (adds the report) have taken so much interest in the success of the National Gallery, that it will be gratifying to them to learn that the Rev. William Holwell Carr, one of the directors and most zealous promoters of the objects of the Institution, has bequeathed his valuable collection of the paintings of ancient masters to the trustees of the British Museum, with a view to their being placed in the National Gallery for the benefit of the public. It is to be hoped that this splendid donation may induce his majesty's government to appropriate some public building for the reception and display of these valuable works; which the directors have no doubt would induce other liberal admirers of the art to make similar donations for the same public purposes. The present building

in which they are placed will not contain the whole number of which the nation are now in possession; nor are these inestimable works free from danger, arising from the state of the building in which they are deposited. The pictures painted by modern artists which have been disposed of during the exhibition of the present year have exceeded those of last year both in number and value: there have been sold 110 pictures, to the amount of 5,318*l.* 9*s.*"

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A New Illustrated Road-Book of the Route from London to Naples. Containing Twenty-four highly finished Views, from original Drawings by Prout, Stanfield, and Brockedon; engraved by William and Edward Finden. Part I. Route from London to Paris. Edited by W. Brockedon, Member of the Academies of Fine Arts in Florence and in Rome, Author of "The Passes of the Alps." Murray.

This is decidedly the best publication of the kind that we have met with; comprehending in a small compass a great deal of information of the utmost practical utility to the traveller. Whoever attends to the advice Mr. Brockedon has here given—advice, the result of considerable experience, and which extends to the arrangements for the journey, the mode of obtaining passports, the safest and most efficient method of carrying or receiving money, the best means of conveyance, the regulations with respect to private and to public carriages, the management of luggage, and many other important matters, will be exempted from numerous evils and inconveniences with which he may otherwise be beset. The description of the route is simple and perspicuous; and the illustrations are beautifully executed. The view of Dover especially, engraved by E. Finden, from a drawing by Stanfield, is one of the most brilliant little prints that it is possible to conceive.

Views in the East. From original Sketches by Captain Robert Elliot, R.N. With historical and descriptive Illustrations. Parts IX. and X. Fisher, Son, and Co.

The plates in these two parts of Captain Elliot's interesting publication are, a graceful "Chinese Pagoda, between Canton and Whampoa;" "Hindoo Temple at Chandnogan;" the singularly curious and elegant "Grass-ropes Bridge at Tere, Gurwall;" "Hurdwar, a place of Hindoo pilgrimage," where, in the year 1819 or 1820, seven hundred natives lost their lives in consequence of their superstitious impatience to plunge into the Ganges at a particular moment; "Jerdair, a hill-village, Gurwall;" and "the Water-palace, Mardoo." The last-mentioned place is one of the principal ruins of a city of the Malwa province, that was once very celebrated. "There is something," says Captain Elliot, "in the situation of this ancient city, and a stately grandeur about its venerable ruins, and an utter desolation spread over the whole surface of the place on which it stood, and a rankness about the vegetation and jungle that cover the site of this once immense and magnificent capital, and a total relinquishing of the land to the wild beasts of the earth—that renders Mardoo a place of uncommon interest to the European traveller. The stillness that prevails around the palace which is represented in this plate is solemn, and even melancholy, to the last degree; a deep gloom may be said, indeed, to have gathered over its gates, and it is hardly possible to conceive a mind that would not be

awe-struck with the depth of the solitude that pervades the whole scene."

The History and Topography of the United States of North America. Edited by John Howard Hinton, A.M. Parts XIII. XIV. and XV.

This work is proceeding in a very satisfactory manner. Many of the views are exceedingly beautiful. Among the most so, in these three Parts, are "Monte Video, the residence of D. Wadsworth, Esq. near Hartford, Connecticut;" "Rapids and Bridge above the Falls of Niagara;" "the Falls of Catskill, New York;" and "the Palisade Rocks on the Hudson River, West Bank, New York." The History is brought to the Declaration of Independence (fac-similes of the signatures to which are given); and we may say of it, *en passant*, that it appears, as far as it has gone, to be written in a philosophical spirit, highly honourable to the historian, who seems to be strongly impressed with the truth of his opinion, that "the noblest employ of the pen of history is to develop facts which illustrate the progress of the human mind."

The Spirit of the Plays of Shakspeare.

By Frank Howard. No. XXI.

NOTWITHSTANDING his labours as a painter, of which the present exhibition at Somerset House affords several highly pleasing specimens, especially No. 10, *Portraits of the Daughters and Granddaughters of Sharon Turner, Esq.*, and No. 205, *The Pride of the Village*; Mr. Frank Howard continues to produce his Outline Plates from Shakspeare with steady and laudable perseverance. The present No. illustrates two of the noblest dramas of our great bard, Richard the Third and Henry the Eighth. It is not surprising that they have furnished Mr. Howard with opportunities of which he has very successfully availed himself of shewing his skill and taste in composition and character. Of the twenty-three plates of which the No. consists, our principal favourites are, "Queen Margaret's curse," "the Queen of Edward the Fourth receiving the news of his death," "Buckingham led to execution," "Queen Katharine accusing Wolsey of exaction," "the Trial of Queen Katharine," "the Coronation of Anne Bullen," and "Cardinal Wolsey received in a dying state by the Abbot of Leicester."

History of the County Palatine of Lancaster, embellished with Views, Portraits, Maps, Armorial Bearings, &c. By Edward Baines, Esq. The Biographical Department by W. R. Wharton, Esq. F.S.A. Part IV. Fisher, Son, and Co.

"CLITHEROE Castle," "Croxteth Hall," and two views of "Liverpool," are the well-executed embellishments of the fourth part of this valuable topographical publication.

Landscape Illustrations of the Waverley Novels. Part XIV. Tilt.

It is difficult to imagine a more picturesque and diversified assemblage of scenery than the plan of this ingeniously conceived work enables its proprietors to display, a fact of which the plates in the present part—"Castle of Ashby," drawn by G. Cattermole, from a sketch by J. Skene; "Old Bridge of Tweed," drawn by W. Westall, A.R.A., from a sketch by J. Skene; "White Horse Inn," drawn by G. Cattermole, from a sketch by J. Skene; and "Whitehall," drawn by D. Roberts, from a sketch by Hollar;—afford very satisfactory proofs. They are all beautifully engraved by E. Finden.

Portrait of Allan Cunningham.

A LITHOGRAPHIC portrait of this valued individual and popular writer, of the life size, has just been produced by Mr. Wilkin. It is a good likeness of honest Allan, and a very favourable specimen of a series of portraits, under the patronage of the Duke of Sussex, intended to preserve the features of distinguished characters during the reign of William IV. The style is rather new among us, and the execution very creditable to the art.

STATUE OF MR. CANNING.

WE have a melancholy gratification in seeing the preparations for the immediate erection of this monument. The site is most appropriate—near the scene of his patriotic and splendid triumphs in the British House of Commons—near the ancient cathedral where his mortal remains are laid. Its exact place is in the enclosed and ornamented ground by St. Margaret's church, nearly close upon the railing, and with the figure looking across the centre of Palace Yard towards the Thames. There may it stand for ages, and inspire generations of senators yet unborn with an ambition to emulate the virtues, if they cannot rival the genius, of this lamented statesman—a man whose death was not mourned by his country alone, but by the world!

MR. BARING'S PICTURES.

THE noble collection of engravings, etchings, &c. made some forty years since, in Holland, by the elder Mr. Baring, has just been disposed of at auction, by Messrs. Christie and Manson. The Rembrandts were extraordinarily fine; and here, at least, as the subjoined extract from the catalogue will evidence, there can be no complaint of low prices.

Lot	Rembrandt's Portraits.	£.	s.	d.
66	Renier Anso	17	6	6
67	Abraham Frantz	26	15	6
68	Old Haaring	51	9	0
69	Young Haaring	11	0	6
73	Wemgobardus	12	12	0
74	The Gold-weigher with the white face	26	5	0
75	The same on India paper	16	16	0
76	Another impression	16	16	0
77	The Little Coppelon, on India paper, first state, exceedingly fine and rare	91	7	0
78	The Large Coppelon	18	7	0

The Berchems, consisting chiefly of brilliant specimens and rare proofs, were warmly contested. We select an item or two from the number.

Lot	Berchem's Works.	£.	s.	d.
92	The drinking Cow, the first impression with the name	7	0	0
94	The watering Cow, three different impressions	17	6	6
95	The Three Cows reposing	8	5	0
97	The Bagpiper, first impression before the name	7	0	0
111	Two small Goats' Heads on one plate, an exceedingly beautiful print and of great rarity	28	7	0

BIOGRAPHY.

REV. H. A. DELAFITE.

WE feel that some apology is due to the friends of a valuable Institution, in the prosperity of which we have never ceased to take a lively interest, the Royal Society of Literature, for not having hitherto noticed in our pages the loss which it has lately sustained by the decease of one of its officers. We allude to the Rev. H. A. Delafite, foreign secretary to the Society, whose death was announced two or three weeks since.

In this excellent clergyman, and modest but accomplished scholar, the Society has been deprived of an ornament, and the world has lost an admirable man. Though little known

generally as an author, Mr. Delafite has not left the public altogether without proofs of his scientific information and extensive reading. Having lived upon terms of strict intimacy with the late illustrious geologist, De Luc, during the latter years of that eminent man's life, he, in the year 1812, published, under the eye of the author, a translation of De Luc's *Elements of Geology*; and in other respects was instrumental in making the English public acquainted with the immortal labours of the father of that important science. But his most valuable service to the geologic student was the composition of a work which he had just completed at the time of his decease, being a new edition of De Luc's *Letters on the Physical History of the Earth*; to which he has prefixed an Introduction, containing a general view of the labours of that great geologist, and a vindication of his claims to original views respecting the fundamental points in the science. This, at least to the general reader, will be found the most entertaining, if not the most useful part of the volume. (The work, we observe, is published; and we hope to present our readers with an early notice of its contents.)

Such being the limited extent of the late foreign secretary's labours for the press, they alone who enjoyed his friendship are in a condition to appreciate his talents and acquisitions; his various erudition; his enlightened opinions, at once orthodox and liberal; and his familiar acquaintance with the stores of ancient and modern learning and science. To them, however, these were the least endearing points in his character; since all who knew him are prepared to afford heartfelt testimony to his having possessed, in an eminent degree, the still more estimable qualities peculiar to the Christian and the gentleman. He was distinguished by the absence of all personal pretensions, united with the warmest zeal for the honour and interests of his friends; by an almost excessive charity in word and opinion; and by an activity and efficiency in works of private beneficence truly astonishing, when the mediocrity of his circumstances and his retired and studious habits are considered.

The family of Mr. Delafite was among those virtuous and exemplary citizens who were driven out of France by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. His father, a man of great piety and learning, was chaplain to the Prince of Orange; while the virtues and accomplishments of his mother attracted the notice of the late Queen Charlotte, and, on the death of her husband, recommended her to the office of French governess to the princesses. This appointment, (which Mad. Delafite filled many years, with the high esteem of the illustrious family to whom she was attached), led to her son's receiving an English education at Trinity College, Oxford. Mr. Delafite was nearly thirty years lecturer of St. Paul's, Covent Garden; but, though not altogether forgotten by the exalted personages who enjoyed the benefit of his mother's eminent services, and who originally directed his choice of a profession, he never emerged, even to a benefice in the church in which he was a zealous labourer, from that humble station which he was satisfied to adorn with his intelligent conversation and his mild and benevolent virtues.

"DEATH'S shafts fly thick." We ought, before, to have mentioned the loss the world of art has sustained by the death of Mr. Jackson, R.A. Mrs. Siddons, also, the Tragic

Muse, has departed from life, in, we believe, the 78th year of her age. Mr. Hamper, the excellent antiquary, died a few weeks ago. The venerable Northcote is so ill that there is hardly a hope of his ever leaving his chamber again.

MUSIC.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

BEETHOVEN's symphony in B flat, with which the eighth and last of these excellent annual performances, on Monday, commenced, is one of those wonderful productions of genius which delight us in proportion as we become acquainted with them. Of the author's first six symphonies it is least frequently brought forward, though not inferior to any. The andante has, indeed, long been considered the most original and pathetic Beethoven ever conceived. Not to perform such a magnificent work with all the effect of which it admits, is only to give a better chance to the succeeding pieces. We have heard it more to our mind on former occasions. Mozart's aria, "Non paventar," by Madame Stockhausen, written in the old bravura style, excited in the audience the strongest desire for a repetition, which was, however, not attended to. We know no singer who could execute that air more chastely, and, altogether, more beautifully than Madame Stockhausen. In Onslow's sextuor, a masterly original composition, Mrs. Anderson, assisted by Nicholson, Willman, Platt, Mackintosh, and Dragonetti, distinguished herself by the same brilliancy of execution and delicacy of expression which she has lately so often displayed on public occasions. In the first part of Rossini's terzetto, "Or che la sorte," MM. Rubini, Lablache, and E. Seguin, commenced in a regular steady pace: but in the latter part it was very much as if the one walked, the other trotted, and the third galloped. The confusion mainly originated with the orchestra. Spohr's overture, "Der Alchymist," would probably please more than it did, if we were acquainted with the opera for which it is written. Mr. Ries's symphony, No. VI., was, in a great measure, performed out of compliment to his visit to old England, after an absence of some years. The minuet and trio, not to be mistaken for being in the style of Handel, may be called the best movement. The two allegros would be better if the motives were of a less common, dance-like character. The fine duetto from Spohr's Faust, "Segui, oh cara," gained Madame Stockhausen and Signor Lablache much applause; but their voices are too dissimilar, or, rather, too unequal in point of strength. Mr. Mori's playing in Haydn's delicious quartet was unanimously pronounced to be perfection; and whether he was inspired by the presence of so great a judge as Paganini, or to whatever other cause it was owing, we never heard him surpass himself as he did on this occasion. The concert was under the direction of Mr. Weichsel and Mr. Bishop.

PAGANINI.

THE *début* of this extraordinary man was all that admiration and enthusiasm could anticipate. His performances are not merely wonderful—they are beyond measure delightful. It is not simply such command of an instrument as never was witnessed before—it is the production of music which may literally be said to ravish the sense. Paganini himself seems as if he were an exquisite incarnation of composition—harmony embodied in a human frame. No description can convey an idea of his powers; and every journal has been so filled

with remarks, that were we competent to do justice to his genius, we should abstain from a task which must of necessity involve so much of repetition. Our recommendation to every one is—make a point of hearing him: it will be a gratification beyond belief, and to miss it, a very severe regret. Old Cramer, it is said, exclaimed, he was glad he was not a fiddler, implying that the impossibility of attaining such excellence would have broken his heart; and T. Cooke declares that Paganini is equal to any four he ever saw. Such are the flattering testimonies of his brethren. We may notice that his hand, and especially his thumb, which is of uncommon length, give him the unexampled facilities which he possesses over his violin.

SEDLATZEEK'S CONCERT.

On Wednesday this musical entertainment was crowded, and deserved it by its excellent selection, and the great talents engaged in it; including not only the fine instrumental performances on the flute by Sedlatzek himself, and Moscheles on the piano, but the vocal contributions of Pasta, Stockhausen, Rubini, Lablache, and other first-rate singers.

VARIETIES.

French Legion of Honour.—Thorwaldsen, Berzelius, and Humboldt, have been appointed members of the Legion of Honour.

Effect of the Fine Arts.—A letter from Rome states, that Madame Lætitia Buonaparte was lately extremely ill, and was given over. Her son Jerome read to her an article in a Parisian journal, announcing that the statue of Napoleon was about to be re-instated in the Place Vendôme. From that moment the mother of the emperor was convalescent!

Music Mad.—London is swarming with musicians, till it is humming all over like a bee-hive. Ries has come, in order to conduct a new oratorio of his at Dublin; Hummel is going to try his luck at Manchester; what the celebrated Field, from Petersburg, is come for, we have not yet been able to learn: and there are fifty more (at least) all ready to rival Paganini, and delight John Bull.

Cholera Morbus.—The committee of health at Warsaw has published a description of the indications of cholera morbus, and of the proper treatment of persons attacked by it. The malady usually begins with vertigo, and with cramps in the limbs, so violent, that the individual falls to the ground, powerless and motionless. These symptoms are followed by excessive vomiting and dreadful pain. The patient, according to the experience here promulgated, ought to be entirely undressed, laid upon his back on a bed, and covered with a sheet. Hempseed, previously steeped in boiling water, should then be heaped upon him, outside the sheet, from the neck to the feet, as hot as he can bear it. When this cataplasm begins to cool, it should be renewed three or four times, until the patient breaks out into a profuse perspiration. To increase this perspiration he should drink a sudorific ptisan made of elder-flowers. If he complain of nausea, a spoonful of magnesia, or of olive oil, should be administered to him. When he has remained for a considerable time in this state, he should be wiped and dried, and his bed-linen changed; great care being taken that he does not become cold. He is then out of danger; and all that remains is to re-establish his strength.

Pouch in the Lion's Tongue.—In dissecting

a lion, sent to the Edinburgh College Museum, Messrs. Cheek and Jones have discovered on the under surface of the tongue, near the tip, a structure, which may be considered as a rudiment of the worm in the dog. It is marked by three longitudinal dilatations, separated by contractions; and in the specimen dissected, was three-fourths of an inch long.

A Blue.—A true blue has appeared in France in the person of a girl, aged seventeen, near Angers. This young lady, though she has never yet written a book, is blue from the waist upwards (consequently she is not a *bas-bleu*); and, what is more extraordinary, when any thing is said or done which causes her to blush, instead of red, she blushes a deeper blue.

Ural Mountains.—The gold and platina obtained from the mines of these mountains in 1830, is estimated at—

	Poods.	Pounds.	Value.
Gold . . .	335	0	17,750,000 rubles.
Platina . .	105	1	1,309,600 ditto.

Gold is estimated at 50,000 rubles per pood (40 lbs., or 36 lbs. English); platina, at 11,520 rubles. M. Demidoff, counsellor of state, received from his mines of Nijne-Tahel, a unique specimen; viz. a piece of native platina weighing about 20 lbs.; the largest piece before known weighs 10½ lbs. The new platina coin has very speedily got into circulation in the interior of the empire; and the greater part of the platina found has been converted into coin.

Babylon.—Captain Mignan, who published an account of his visit to Babylon, has now paid a second visit to that city. Letters have been received from him from Bombay by a gentleman in London, whom he informs that he had brought for him, from Babylon, various curiosities, including a fine specimen of the *attah* tree (we believe a kind of tamarisk). He mentions that he should send these things by a ship, which has since arrived, and also a MS. on Kurdistan, which, he says, is quite ready for publication, and will make a large and very interesting volume.

Antiquities.—Bronze medals have frequently been found on the two shores of the Bosphorus, inscribed with the name "Agrippia," and others inscribed with the name "Caesarea." Antiquaries have hitherto ascribed the former to Agrippia, or Anthedon, a town of Judaea; the latter to Caesarea of Bithynia, or to Tralles of Lydia, which, like so many other towns of Asia Minor, received the surname of Caesarea. The Journal of Odessa, however, announces the discovery, in February 1830, near the town of Taman, of a Greek inscription, which, by mentioning "a monument consecrated to the memory of Adronicus, the son of Pappus, by the Archontes of Agrippia Caesarea," shows that the names of Agrippia and Caesarea belonged to the same place; probably an ancient town of the island of Taman; and very likely Phanagoria, which was situated in the neighbourhood of the modern town of Taman.

Our popular Queen.—Her Majesty, it seems, has visited several public places without state, going in a private carriage; and being thus enabled to see and enjoy what is to be seen. Among others, we are told the Zoological Society's Garden has been thus honoured—at least it is stated of one of the check-takers, an Irishman, that he mentioned the Queen's having been at the garden *inocog.* on a particular day. "Why," said the person he was informing, "it is odd we never heard of it!" "Oh, not at all, at all," rejoined Pat; "for she didn't come like a queen; but *clane and doacent* like another lady!"

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[Literary Gazette Weekly Advertiser, No. XXIV, June 11.]

The fifth, and perhaps not the last, volume of Allan Cunningham's Lives of the most eminent British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects, is now ready for the press: it contains the following names:—George Jamesone, born 1585; Allan Ramsay, 1713; George Romney, 1734; Alexander Runciman, 1736; John Singleton Copley, 1737; John Hamilton Mortimer, 1741; Sir Henry Raeburn, 1756; John Hoppner, 1759; William Owen, 1769; Sir Thomas Lawrence, 1769; George Henry Harlow, 1767; Richard Parkes Bonington, 1801.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Seaward's Narrative, edited by Miss Jane Porter, 3 vols. 8vo. 11. 11s. 6d. bds.—Beattie's Courts of Germany, 2 vols. 8vo. 11. 1s. bds.—Index to Hall's Atlas, royal 8vo. 11. 1s. cloth.—Drummond's Letters to a Young Naturalist, 12mo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Burdett's Oriental Customs abridged, fcp. 8s. 6d. bds.—Kennedy on Ancient and Hind Mythology, 4to. 2l. 12s. 6d. bds.—Montague's Ornithological Dictionary, 8vo. 11. 1s. bds.—Arrian on Coarsing, with Notes and Illustrations from the Antique, imperial 8vo. 11. 11s. 6d. bds.—Gems of Modern Sculpture, No. 1, 4vo. prints, 4s. 6d.; 4to. India, 8s.; folio, before letters, 10s. 6d.;—The Cabinet for Youth, 18mo. 4s. 6d. bd.—Collier's Annals of the Stage, 3 vols. crown 8vo. 11. 11s. 6d. bds.—Essay on the Origin and Prospects of Man, by Thomas Hope, Esq. 3 vols. 8vo. 11. 16s. bds.—Brockedon's Route from London to Naples, Part I. London to Paris, demy 8vo. 6s. sewed; imperial 8vo. plain, 8s.; India, 12s.; imperial 4to. India, before letters, 16s.—Pickering's diamond edition of Homer, 2 vols. 48mo. 12s. bds.; large paper, 18s. bds.—Pin Money, by the authoress of "Manners of the Day," 3 vols. 8vo. 11. 11s. 6d. bds.—Lives of the Actors, by John Galt, 2 vols. 8vo. 11. 1s. bds.—Cobbett's Instructive Reader, 12mo. 3s. sheep.—The British Frenchman, Vol. 1, 8vo. 7s. 6d. cloth.—The Greek Testament, with English Notes by Dr. Burton, 2 vols. 8vo. 11. 10s. bds.—Crampe's Text-Book of Poptery, 12mo. 6s. bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1831.

May.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
From.	To.	
Thursday . . . 26	42. — 71.	29.90 — 29.76
Friday . . . 27	41. — 68.	29.75 Stationary
Saturday . . . 28	46. — 68.	29.94 — 29.93
Sunday . . . 29	44. — 59.	29.94 — 29.86
Monday . . . 30	45. — 65.	29.94 — 29.86
Tuesday . . . 31	42. — 63.	29.92 — 29.85
Wednesday 1	43. — 67.	29.96 — 29.90

Wind N.E. and S.E., the former prevailing. Alternately clear and cloudy, except the 29th, when rain fell incessantly throughout the day.

Rain fallen, .525 of an inch.
Thursday, June 2d.—The occultation of Jupiter and his satellites this morning was seen under very favourable circumstances, particularly the environs, the atmosphere being very clear and calm. The bright limb of the lunar disc, together with the slight haze which is almost invariably found about our horizon, prevented any accurate observance of the immersion of even the fourth satellite (the other three were not discoverable): the western limb of the planet was for several seconds after contact distinctly visible, and might have led those unacquainted with the fact, to believe that the planet was, instead of being on the point of occultation, about to transit the lunar disc: the elongation of the eastern limb of the planet was not so distinctly visible as during the immersion of the 7th of April, 1824. The emergence of the fourth satellite took place at 2h 4' 5"; of the second at 2h 12' 33"; of Jupiter's western limb at 2h 14' 0"; of his eastern limb at 2h 13' 33"; of the first satellite at 2h 18' 30"; and, lastly, the third satellite re-appeared at 2h 24' 53".

June.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
From.	To.	
Thursday . . . 2	37. — 73.	30.06 to 30.09
Friday . . . 3	38. — 73.	30.10 — 30.11
Saturday . . . 4	40. — 70.	30.10 — 30.12
Sunday . . . 5	42. — 73.	30.09 — 30.01
Monday . . . 6	45. — 59.	30.01 — 30.02
Tuesday . . . 7	43. — 63.	30.02 — 29.90
Wednesday 8	40. — 63.	29.90 Stationary

Prevailing wind, N.W. Except the 6th, generally clear; thunder and rain in the afternoon of the 5th.

Rain fallen, 3 of an inch.
 Edimonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.
 Latitude . . . 51° 37' 39" N.
 Longitude . . . 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

There has been an unusual influx of new publications this week, through which we have gone as far as we could. But we have been obliged to postpone Mr. Bowles' concluding volume of the Life of Ken-Ingis' Travels in Spain—the Glances at Various Objects (a private volume), for which we have to thank the author—and several other interesting communications.

We do not know any thing of the anonymous notice sent to us about the Royal Society of Warsaw. A Member of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association is not warranted either by our notes or the work of Rammohun Roy in his pretension to set us right.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

THE LITERARY FUND GREENWICH.

MEETING will be held at the Crown and Sceptre, on Wednesday, the 24th of June.—This Meeting is not restricted to Members of the Society; the company of any Noblemen or Gentlemen who may feel an interest in the objects of the Institution will be welcome and agreeable.

Gentlemen who intend dining are requested to apprise Mr. Snow, at the Chambers of the Society, 4, Lincoln's Inn Fields, on or before Tuesday the 21st.—Dinner at Four precisely.

The Rev. John Clowes.

Society for printing and publishing the Writings of the

Hon. Emanuel Swedenborg.

Committee Room, Featherstone Buildings, June 2, 1831.

THE DECEASE OF THE REV. JOHN CLOWES.

M.A. Rector of St. John's, Manchester, and late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, which took place at Warwick, on

the 24th of May last, in the 83rd year of his age, having been communicated to the Committee of the above Society, it was

Resolved,

That this Committee cannot bear of this dispensation of the Lord's all-merciful Providence, without recording their feelings upon the afflictive event. Yet why should an event be denominated afflictive, which, to the highly prepared subject of it, is

the greatest of mercies?—A material frame, no longer suited to be the organ of the active and heavenly-minded spirit which tenanted it so long, and a removal to that heavenly world which will be felt by him as his native sphere; where those principles of love, intelligence and use, which constituted his here, will expand into all the fulness which even he can desire, and will be the source of eternal blessedness and joy? Yet the

members of this Society, even beyond multitudes of others who will deeply feel the loss, cannot but experience in his removal a sense of bereavement; for peculiarly might they regard him as a

friend, inasmuch as this Society is indebted to him for publishing the Writings of the Hon. Emanuel Swedenborg, and their

able friend was almost the first who laboured with effect to bring those Writings into notice, was the translator into English of

the greater part of them, and was the promoter, during a period of fifty-eight years, of every effort for conveying the salutary principles which they develop into the understandings and

hearts of his fellow-men. When the members of this Society reflect on the intuitive perception with which, on these

writings being brought by a peculiar providence under his observation, he at once appreciated the inestimable value of the doctrine

which they contain; when they reflect that, in the relation of those truths, he then, in this country, stood almost alone;

when they consider the zeal and self-devotion with which he

endeavoured to make them accessible to others, notwithstanding the opposition which was soon arrayed against him; when they

think of the eminent usefulness he exercised in procuring the formation of a Society at Manchester having that object in view,

which still perseveres in its laudable labours, and to which this Society has since associated itself in the same work; when they

remember the engaging manner in which, in his Affectionate Address to the Clergy, he invited the establishment

to examine those writings,—the power of argument and force of evidence with which, in his Letters to a Member of Par-

liament, he refuted the calumnies against them of the Abbe Bar-

ruce; the commanding authority and convincing clearness with

which he replied to the objections of Churchmen, Calvinists, and Unitarians, in his Answers to the Editors of the Christian Ob-

server, to the Rev. W. Roby, and the Rev. J. Grundy; when they

add to this the amiable light in which he placed the principles of the true Christian life and doctrine in his other writings,

whether they were his treatises on the Sacred and on the Moral and the Human Body, his many volumes of admirable sermons,

his charming little works for children, or his various other excellent publications; when, tracing from the abundant display of

superior intellect, they contemplate the still more admirable qualities of his heart, the truly Christian humility, piety, love, and

devotion, and the undeviating purity of character which marked his whole life; when they call to mind how he turned from the attractions of the academic and scientific distinction which

attended his early career, to discharge the simple but important duties of a minister of the gospel; when they remember that, at a period somewhat later, on having received views of truth which

were too generally unpopular, he never shrunk from the most open and public avowal of his religious and moral views, and

the most daring prospects of persecution, dignity, and wealth; and when they know that, though for a while the object of persecution, he actually lived down all opposition, and, by the exalted

excellence of his character and conduct, secured the universal esteem, testified by a permanent memorial, of the populous parish of which he was rector for more than sixty years; when the

members of this Society reflect on these and numerous similar features in the life and conduct of their venerated friend, they

cannot but feel how exalted was the character with whom they have been associated, (in which sentiment they know they shall be joined by some of the most respectable and elevated characters in the land); and they cannot but regard it as their duty to acknowledge, in the most public manner, the privilege they have

enjoyed. Whilst then they are deeply sensible of their loss in the removal of such a friend and coadjutor, they feel truly grateful to the mercy of the Lord that spared him to them so long. They are conscious that they can only worthily show their gratitude by striving, with increased zeal, to follow in the path in which he walked before them; and, especially, by continuing their efforts to promote the knowledge of those truths, of the effects of which, when received in the heart, he was so irreproachable and so bright an example.

• The permanent memorial above mentioned is an elegant piece of sculpture, by Flaxman, erected by subscription in the church. The inscription is as follows:—To commemorate the

fiftieth year of the ministry of the Rev. John Clowes, M.A., the present rector of this church, and to testify their affectionate esteem and veneration for the piety, learning, and benevolence of their amiable pastor, the congregation of St. John's, in Manchester, erect this tablet, with feelings of devout gratitude to Almighty God who hath hitherto preserved, and with their united prayers that his good Providence will long continue to preserve amongst them, so eminent and inspiring an example of Christian meekness, purity, and love. MDCCLXXXIX.

Among the most active promoters of this most honourable testimonial of esteem, were some who, at a former period, had conscientiously endeavoured to obtain the removal of Mr. Clowes from his rectory. A complaint that was carried to Bishop Porten, when he presided in the see of Chester, was, after investigation, dismissed by that liberal and pious prelate, with the observation that he saw, in the sentiment complained of, no ground for his interference, and that he wished he had, in his diocese, many more such clergymen as Mr. Clowes.

EXHIBITION OF PORTRAITS to be Engraved in LODGES' PORTRAITS and MEMOIRS of the MOST ILLUSTRIOUS PERSONAGES OF BRITISH HISTORY.—Open Daily, at Messrs. Harding and Lepard's, No. 4, Pall Mall East, London.

Admission by Tickets only, which may be obtained on application, free of expense.

The great celebrity this work has acquired throughout the country, and the very general desire of the subscribers to inspect the collection from which the engravings are executed, have led the proprietors to adopt the medium of a gratuitous public exhibition, to display in one collected view the whole series of illustrations proposed to be engraved in this work, elaborately executed and coloured, from the Galleries of His Majesty, the Nobility, and from the Public Collections, preparatory to commencing an entirely new edition, in Monthly Numbers, on the 1st of July, 1831; a Prospectus and Catalogue of which may be obtained gratis from every Bookseller in the Kingdom.

Persons residing in the Country, and intending to visit the Metropolis, may obtain Tickets of Admission, free of any expense, from the principal Booksellers throughout the Kingdom.

"In the overwhelming mass of trash which are weekly, if not hourly, poured upon the republic of literature, it is pleasing to alight upon such productions as this, which cheer and guide us like friendly watchfires, across a country of darkness and peril."—*Dublin's Library Companion*, 3d edition, p. 616, in review of "Lodge's Portraits."

THE IMPROVED WRITING INKS.—

Mottos and Co.'s Office, Copying Record, Japan and Red Ink—Black and Red Ink-Powders, and the Portable Ink-Cake. These universally approved of Writing Materials are to be had of all respectable Stationers in Town and Country. They are the result of many years' experience, and of one of the most extended series of investigations, comparisons, and tests, that has been applied to any branch of the useful arts.

19, St. Paul's Churchyard.

CAOUTCHOUC, or Indian Rubber, rendered Elastic, and manufactured into Braces, Belts, Gaiters, &c. &c. is ranked amongst the most curious productions of the present day; the most remarkable of which is, that it sustains more tension, strength, and elasticity, than any other known substance, and is impervious to fire or water, consequently will wash without losing its elasticity, or sustaining injury in any other of its properties.

On sale at the Warehouse of C. K. Kelso and Co. 109, New Bond Street.

Prepared for the Press.

MESSRS. PHILLIPS and Co., Law and General Stationers, No. 100, Chancery Lane, appointed Agents by Mr. Charles Terry, of Shoe Lane, beg leave to inform the Legal Profession, that they can be supplied with the Prepared Parchment, in every variety of Size and Form, as well as engrossed with the proper Stamps, for any Deed or Document.

REFORM.—The DEBATE, at full length, on the REFORM BILL, price 6s. 6d. with the splendid Portrait of Lord John Russell, may now be had of every Bookseller in the Kingdom.

Printed and Published at the New North Briton Office, Edinburgh; and to be had of Whittaker, Treacher, and Co., and E. Wilson, Cornhill, London.

LITERARY ASSISTANCE.—A Sub- Editor is wanted immediately, for a leading Journal of the Day. The most satisfactory Testimonials as to Character and Ability will be required, with real Name. Letters addressed, post paid, to A. Z., Mr. Black, 55, Long Acre, will meet early attention.

CATALOGUE of a Select Assortment of valuable Books, Pictures, and Paintings, to be Sold by Auction, at the Mart, by Mr. WARTON, on Tuesday the 14th of June, and Three following Days, commencing at 10 o'clock, by Pine-Rose's Cyclopaedia, large paper—Foster's Gallery—Turner's Southern Coast—Beauties of England and Wales—Dulwich Gallery—Nesbit's Views—Boydell's Shakespeare—Some Original Paintings by Old Masters—Several Cabinet Pictures by Morland, Smirke, and other modern Artists—Dibdin's Tour—Dibdin's Decameron—Queen Anne's Farthing—Queen Elizabeth's Bible—Alabaster Vase—National Medal—India Card Box—Pinkerton's Atlas—Electrifying Machine, &c. Catalogue to be had of Mr. Warton, Auctioneer, No. 25, Threadneedle Street; Gryehound, Crocydon; White Hart, Mitcheam; and the Plough, &c.

DULAU and CO.'S FOREIGN CIRCULATING LIBRARY, Subscribers to which have at their command Three Quarters of a Million of Volumes. Cards of Terms to be had on application, at 57, Sothe Square.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE and MARIA LOUISA. Whole-length original Portraits, by Gerard and Robert Levere. To be seen (with Certificates from these distinguished Artists), at J. Beutley's India Warehouse, 5, Wigmore Street, London.

Price 600 Guineas.

These are two very curious and interesting pictures, from the palace of Fontainebleau. They were very much struck with the beauty and excellence of the painting, and they are in the highest state of preservation. These splendid pictures would be a valuable acquisition to any one forming a museum, gallery, or large collection.

"In point of likeness, drawing, colouring, and skillful effect, these curious and valuable pictures are not to be surpassed."—*Diapal*.

BOOKS IN THE PRESS.

S P A I N in 1830. In a few days, in 2 vols. 8vo. By R. D. INGLIS, Author of "Sally's Walks through many Lands," &c. "Journey through Norway," &c. Printed for Whittaker, Treacher, and Co. Ave Maria Lane.

A MANUAL of MATERIA MEDICA

and PHARMACY, comprising a concise Description of the Articles used in Medicine, with Observations on the proper Mode of combining and administering them; also the Formulae for the Official Preparations of the London, Edinburgh, Dublin, Parisian, American, and most of the Continental Pharmacopoeias; together with a Table of the principal Medicinal Plants. Translated from the French of H. M. EDWARDS, M.D. and F. VASSEUR, M.D., and now corrected and adapted to British Practice, by JOHN DAVIES, M.R.C.S. Surgeon of the Her Majesty's Militia, &c. &c. Printed for Whittaker, Treacher, and Co. Ave Maria Lane.

MUSIC.

FANTASIA for the FLUTE, on a Theme by Carafa, with Piano-forte Accompaniment, composed by THEOBALD BOEHM, Principal Flute to His Majesty the King of Bavaria, as performed by him at the Choral Fund Concert.

And, by the same Author, A Divertissement for Flute, with Piano-forte Accompaniment, as performed by him at Mr. Meschele's Concert.

* * Each successive Variation in these elegant Compositions is peculiarly suited to the properties and capabilities of the instrument, was received by crowded and fashionable audiences with increasing demonstrations of distinguished applause.

Also, A Polonaise, by Boehm, arranged for Flute and Piano-forte, by J. B. Ruffin. C. Gerock and Co. 79, Cornhill; and to be had of all Music-sellers.

BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

SALMONIA; or, Days of Fly-Fishing. 3d edition, with Plates and Woodcuts, 15s. By the late Sir HUMPHRY DAVY. "One of the most delightful labours of leisure ever seen; not a few of the most beautiful phenomena of nature are here lucidly explained."—*Great's Magazine*. John Murray, Albemarle Street.

By the same Author, printed uniformly with the above, Consolations in Travel, or the last Days of a Philosopher, price 6s.

A HISTORY of ENGLISH DRAMATIC POETRY to the Time of Shakespeare, with Annals of the Stage, and an Account of Theatres to the Restoration. By JOHN PAYNE COLLIER, F.S.A. and John Murray, Albemarle Street.

THE LIFE of THOMAS KEN, deprived Bishop of Bath and Wells, viewed in connection with the Public Events, and the Spirit of the Times, Political and Religious, from his Birth to his Death. Vol. II. contains many original Letters, and includes the Period of Ecclesiastical Factions, from 1660 to the Death of Cromwell. By the Rev. W. L. BOWLES, Canon Residentiary of Sarum. John Murray, Albemarle Street.

WAVERLEY NOVELS. New Edition. Vol. XXV. of this Work, which completes the Pirates, is published this day, price 2s. * * The Twenty-five Volumes which have appeared contain Fourteen New Introductions by the Author, besides copious Notes to each Volume.

Volume Sixth of the New Issue, which completes the Antiquary, is now also ready. Portrait of Sir Walter Scott, painted in 1830, by John Watson Gordon, Esq. and now exhibiting at Somerset House. The Engraving from this Portrait is far advanced, and will be given with one of the forthcoming Volumes of the work.

Whittaker and Co. Ave Maria Lane. Of whom may be had, just published, Fragments of Voyages and Travels; being an Account of Captain Hall's Naval Life and Early Voyages. Three small vols. Vignette Titles, 15s.

"Captain Hall's first object is the improvement of his profession, and he rightly goes about the accomplishment of his laudable design, by placing in the hands of his inexperienced members, a little work with which they cannot but be charmed, and from which they cannot fail to derive lessons of the utmost importance for the formation of their character, and the regulation of their conduct, in all that relates to the duties which they owe to themselves, their country, and their Creator."—*Monthly Review*, May 1831.

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